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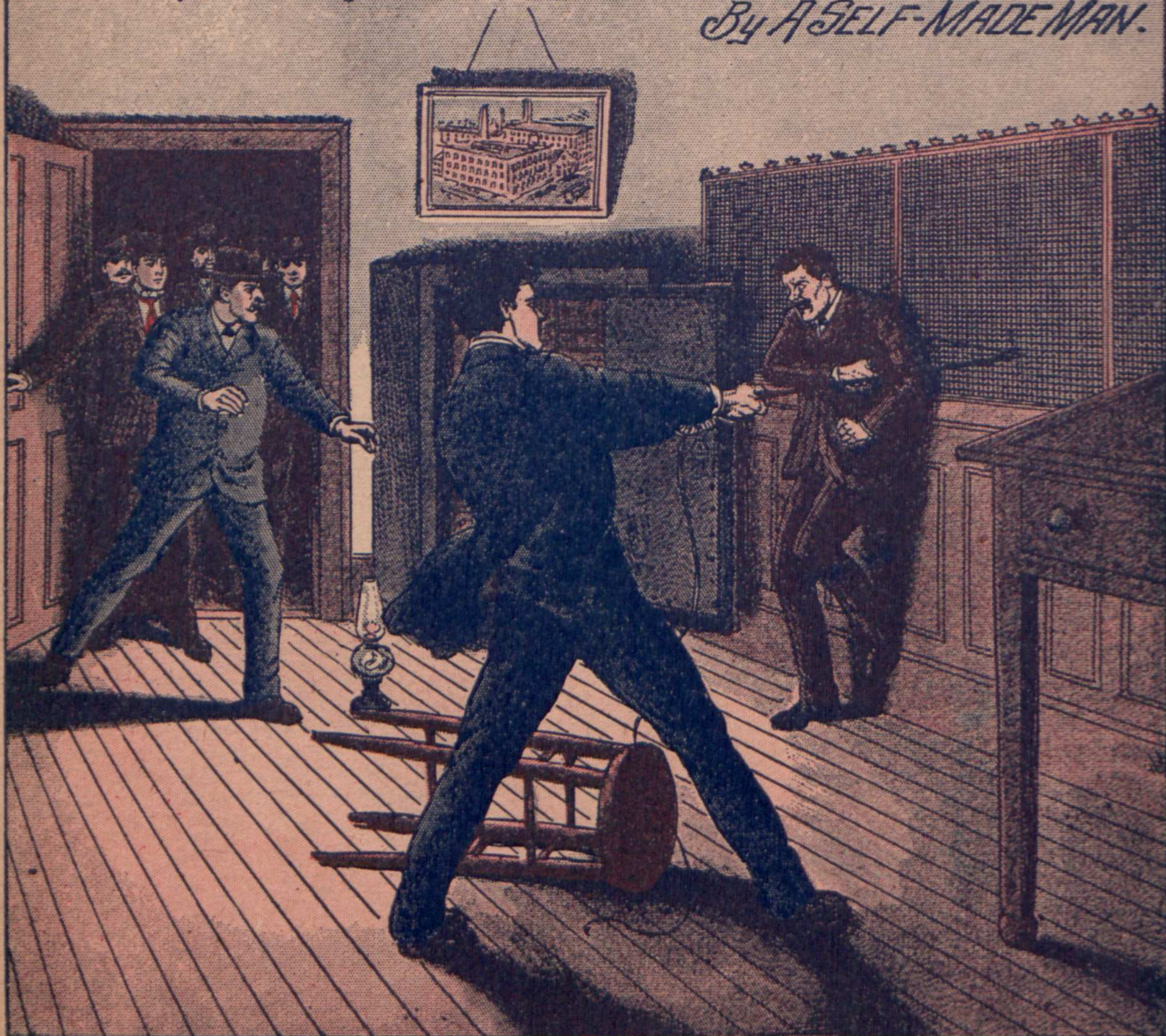
AUGUST 15, 1924

Price 8 Cents

5840
FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.
STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

RISING IN THE WORLD;
OR, FROM FACTORY BOY TO MANAGER.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.



Jack flung the noose over the thief's head, and it fell around his arm. Seizing the other end of the line, he pulled it taut, drawing Dean up to the screen a prisoner. "Help!" yelled the boy, and in rushed the crowd.

1960-1961

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1924

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RISE IN THE WORLD

OR, FROM FACTORY BOY TO MANAGER

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—How Jack Clyde Saves Bertha Garland.

Bertha Garland, the prettiest working girl in Northbridge, was walking rapidly down the street toward the cotton mill when the seven o'clock whistle blew shrilly upon the balmy morning air.

"Oh, dear," she exclaimed in a tone of great vexation as well as concern, "I shall be shut out. I know I shall. Isn't it too provoking for anything?"

Seeing quite a bunch of girls, the last in sight, entering the nearby gate at that moment, Bertha caught up her skirts and made a dash for the goal, in hope that by sheer good luck she might be able to get into the yard. She was just a moment too late. The gate slid across the opening almost in her face and left her on the wrong side.

"Oh, Mr. Dean," she cried loudly, pounding on the gate. "Won't you please let me in?"

Morris Dean, a sallow-complexioned young man of nineteen, whose incipient mustache was a standing joke with the girls of the Northbridge Cotton Mill, officiated as timekeeper.

He had made himself very unpopular with the hands by his promptness in shutting the gate the first toot of the whistle. This morning he noted the fact that Bertha Garland had not arrived when the whistle blew. He was a bit surprised at this for she was usually one of the early birds. When the bevy of girls who arrived at the last minute had filed into the yard, he looked out and saw Bertha coming hot foot for the gate.

With a grin he pulled the gate shut and fastened it. But he did not actually intend to keep the pretty mill hand out. Morris was sweet on Miss Garland, and tried in every way to make himself solid with her. So when Bertha rapped on the gate and made the appeal Morris was looking for, he answered through his peep hole:

"Is that really you, Miss Bertha?"

"Yes, yes," she cried eagerly. "It's really me. You'll let me in, won't you?"

"It's against the rule, Miss Bertha," he replied, as if hesitating.

"But I was right here when you shut the gate."

"Well, I'll let you in this time," he answered, opening the gate so she could pass through; "but I wouldn't do it for any one else."

"Aren't you good," she cried with a smile as she darted off toward the entrance door of the big brick building.

Morris rubbed his thin hands together with satisfaction as he watched the lovely fifteen-year-old miss skip gracefully across the yard.

"That's the only girl out of the bunch I'd put myself out for, and there isn't anything I wouldn't do for her."

Morris gathered up his time-sheet and walked into the office, where, as it was too early yet for the other clerks to appear, he spread the morning paper out on the top of his tall desk and began to read the sporting intelligence. When Bertha Garland stepped into the elevator which would take her to the fourth floor where the loom she worked at stood in the midst of a forest of similiar machines, she came face to face with Jack Clyde, who had a wicker basket full of fluffy cotton on his shoulder.

"Good-morning, Jack," she said with a bright smile.

"Good-morning, Bertha," he replied with a cheerful smile. "You're late. How did you manage to pass Morris Dean? You must have a pull with him."

"I guess not," she replied with a toss of her head, for she did not like the time-keeper a bit better than any other girl in the mill.

"Maybe you hypnotized him, for I notice he's never so happy as when he can shut out one or more of the girls in the morning," chuckled Jack. Bertha laughed.

"Perhaps I did, for he actually opened the gate after he had closed it and let me in."

"Then I guess Andy Blossom is right."

"About what?" she asked.

"He told me Morris Dean was dead gone on you."

"The idea!"

"I don't blame him. Aren't you the nicest girl in the mill?"

At that moment the elevator stopped at the fourth floor, and Bertha, flashing a saucy glance at Jack, sprang out and made for the dressing-room.

Jack got out, too, and carried his load to a certain part of the floor.

"You're late in getting to work, Bertha Garland," said one of the foremen sharply as the

girl came to her loom, "I'll have to dock you fifteen minutes."

She made no reply but started her machine.

"Jobkins is cranky this morning," whispered the nearest girl to her.

"He's always cranky with me," replied Bertha, tossing her shapely head disdainfully. "Some people are never happy unless they're finding fault."

The foreman's sharp ears caught the remark and he looked daggers at the pretty fair-haired girl, whom he disliked on account of her good looks and popularity. Jobkins, who was twenty-three, also hated Jack Clyde, because of Bertha's evident preference for him.

He knew Jack depended on his job in the mill to support his widowed aunt and crippled sister, and it gave him a great deal of satisfaction to threaten the boy occasionally with discharge. As Jobkins didn't confine his fault-finding and overbearing conduct to Bertha and Jack, he was not a bit more popular among the hands than was Morris Dean.

In fact, of the two he was the most cordially detested. The mill had a stack of orders on hand and was working at its full capacity. It was getting close to noon on the morning our story opened. Jack was taking a drink of water from a cooler which stood on a low shelf at the end of the room where the big belt that furnished power to the main shaft came through an opening in the floor.

Suddenly the shrill scream of a girl rang out through the room. It was a cry that only comes from a human being in deadly peril. For a second Jack's heart stood still, then, with the instinctive idea that one of the girls had been caught in the machinery, the boy sprang at the handle of the throw-off, which hung within a yard of the cooler, and controlled the power on that floor and flung it over. In a moment the main shaft ceased to revolve and every machine on the floor stopped. Section foremen and boys were seen running toward a certain point, and Jack started in the same direction. A girl was seen suspended by the hair from a countershaft, where she hung limp and senseless.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Jack, in horrified surprise, "it's Bertha Garland!"

It was indeed Bertha. As she was returning to her loom from the dressing-room, a sudden draft of air coming through an open window had blown her long golden hair around one of the belts. She gave that one agonizing shriek and then fainted from the fright and pain.

But for Jack's prompt action in shutting off the power her entire scalp would have been torn off in a few seconds more. Ladders were brought, and the girl was seized and supported while the lacing of the belt connecting the countershaft with one of the branches of the main shaft was cut.

Then the counter-shaft was reversed until Bertha's hair was released. She was lowered to the floor and given in charge of several of the women to bring her to consciousness. The belt was then replaced and the machinery started again. More than half of the girls were unable to resume work at once. Several had fainted and were being revived, while the rest were so unnerved by the accident that many had become

more or less hysterical, and had to be looked after.

Before the noon whistle sounded, however, it was known all over the floor that it was Jack Clyde who had saved Bertha Garland from a terrible disfigurement, if not death.

CHAPTER II.—The Deserted Shanty.

"You're wanted in the girls' dressing-room, Jack," said Andy Blossom, Jack's particular friend, who worked on the same floor with him.

"What for?" asked Jack.

"Bertha Garland has come to, and wants to see you."

Jack easily guessed what she wanted to see him for, but he would have preferred to have had her postpone her protestations of gratitude. But as he had been sent for he couldn't very well evade the interview, so he presented himself before her.

"Jack Clyde," she said, holding out her hand to him, "you saved my life and I sha'n't forget you as long as I live."

"Don't mention it. Bertha," he replied. "I'm glad I thought of doing the right thing at the right moment."

"You must take me home, Jack, as soon as the whistle blows. I couldn't do another bit of work to-day to save my life."

As soon as the noon hour arrived there was a rush for hats on the part of the hands who went home for dinner, and a stream of employees was soon filing through the gate into the street. Bertha was feeling a little better by that time, but she was glad to have Jack accompany her to her mother's humble cottage on the outskirts.

"I'll call around after supper and see how you are getting on," said the boy when he was leaving her at the gate of the little garden patch which lay between the street and the house. Then the boy pressed her shapely hand and rushed off to his own home, a quarter of a mile away, to get his dinner and return to the factory before the one o'clock whistle blew.

There were smiles without number for Jack that afternoon from every girl that he chanced to pass near. Although he hadn't actually done any heroic action he was, nevertheless, voted a hero by the fair ones, most of whom envied Bertha Garland for having the inside track with the most popular boy in Northbridge. There was one girl, Flora Watson by name, who hated Bertha for quite a different reason.

She was about the only mill hand who regarded Morris Dean in a favorable light. Flora Watson was undoubtedly a good looking brunette, but her disposition was not in keeping with her face. She was selfish, inclined to be haughty, though her circumstances did not justify the airs she put on, spiteful to a degree, and, when her jealousy was aroused, revengeful. To what extent the latter controlled her this story will show.

Morris Dean was something of a sport. He was seldom to be found at home of an evening, but any one who wanted to see him after he had finished his supper could nearly always depend on locating him at the Northbridge Billiard and

Pool Parlors on Main Street. He was naturally fair prey for sharpers, and one of that gentry succeeded in winning his confidence.

This individual's name was Nelson Spavinger. He was a second-rate sport, dressed rather conspicuously, especially in the way of cheap but expansive jewelry, and insinuated broadly that he was one of the knowing ones. As soon as he sized Morris up he cottoned to him at once, and young Dean was flattered by the preference he showed for his society.

It was the evening of the day on which the accident had happened to Bertha Garland. Mr. Spavinger had gone to the Springfield races that day and had carried with him every cent of money that Morris Dean owned in the world, beside a small sum he had borrowed of the proprietor of the billiard parlors, to invest on certain sure tips which the sporty gentleman assured Morris he had acquired.

He had refused to enlighten the young man as to the horses he intended to back lest, as he said, Morris might inadvertently impart the knowledge to a third party. He had, for reasons he best knew, arranged to meet young Dean at an old deserted shanty on the outskirts of the town instead of at the billiard parlors, and pay him his share of the winnings. Morris ate his supper in a state of suppressed excitement and satisfaction at the enchanting prospect of receiving a considerable sum of cash that evening from his friend Nelson Spavinger. He had cut from the evening paper a list of most of the winning horses at the Springfield race track, and the balance he had taken from the ticker at the billiard parlor on his way home. Therefore he lost no time in making his way after dark to the dilapidated shack where he expected to meet the knowing gentleman.

He carried an umbrella with him, for the sky had a threatening and watery look. Before he got there it began to rain heavily, which made him fear that Mr. Spavinger might fail to keep the appointment. About the time Morris left his home, Jack Clyde left his aunt's cottage en route for Bertha Garland's home.

Before he got half way to his destination the rain commenced to fall. It soon came down so fast that Jack looked around for shelter, and his eyes lighted on the ramshackle story-and-a-half building toward which Morris Dean was bending his steps.

The ancient door was partly ajar, and so Jack pushed his way inside and took his stand beside the window which afforded him a view of the wet and lonesome road. As the rain let up to a drizzle and he began to think of resuming his walk, he noticed a young man coming along at a smart pace with an umbrella.

To Jack's surprise this person turned in at the broken down gate and came up to the building. Jack recognized him at once as Morris Dean and wondered what had brought him to that section of the town, so far from his customary haunts.

Presently another person came walking up the road. To Jack's astonishment he, too, turned in at the gate and walked up to Morris. This was Mr. Nelson Spavinger.

"He looks like a sport," thought Jack. "I wonder who he is? He seems to know Morris pretty well."

At that moment the rain resumed its heavy pattering on the roof.

"They're coming in here," breathed Jack. "I'll let them have this room all to themselves, as Morris Dean is no friend of mine, and I am not anxious to make the acquaintance of his companion."

So Jack quietly withdrew to the rear room, taking his seat on an empty candle box he found there, just in time to escape the notice of the newcomers, as they walked into the front apartment.

CHAPTER III.—Nelson Spavinger and His Dupe.

"It's a disagreeable night, young gent," remarked Mr. Spavinger, as he led the way into the room. "I wouldn't have come out here only I didn't want to disappoint you. I make it a point always to keep my engagements."

"I don't see why we couldn't have come together in a private room at Bishop's Parlors just as well," replied Morris. "It would have been much handier, and a good bit more comfortable."

"There are reasons, Master Dean, which I might explain if I cared to, why I preferred to come here. We will throw a light on the subject if you don't mind."

It was soon apparent that Mr. Spavinger was not unfamiliar with the interior of the old shanty, for he went to a closet, took out a box and placed it near the entrance to the room where Jack sat in the gloom, an unsuspected intruder. Then he produced a whisky bottle with a bit of candle stuck into its neck, and placed it on the box.

Striking a match he lit the candle, diffusing a dim and uncertain light around that end of the room. Then he brought forth two smaller boxes, which he placed on either side of the large box.

"Be seated," he said to Morris, pointing at one of the impromptu chairs, and taking possession of the other himself; "we might as well make ourselves comfortable."

He took a cigar from his vest pocket and lit it at the candle. From his hip pocket he next brought out a suspicious looking flat flask. He calmly helped himself to as much of the spirits as he wanted and then laid the flask with some deliberation on the box beside the candle holder.

"I'm sorry to say, young gent," replied the turfy individual, "that things didn't pan out just the way I expected to see them do."

"What do you mean?" almost gasped Morris. "Didn't the horses you picked out win?"

"Not on your life they didn't. A screw worked loose somewhere in my calculations, and all our good money went to swell the bookmakers' profits."

"Great Scott!" groaned Morris. "Didn't we win a thing?"

"Not a soumarkee."

"Then I'm ruined," answered Dean, dismally.

"Ruined!" echoed Mr. Spavinger cheerfully.

"Rot."

"There's no rot about it. I gave you every cent I possessed, including fifteen dollars I borrowed from Mr. Bishop."

"What of it?"

"What of it? Why, I'm busted, can't you see?"

"You don't mean it," said Mr. Spavinger somewhat incredulously, blowing a few rings of tobacco smoke into the air.

"I do mean it," replied Morris, with some energy.

"Well, I'm blowed."

"The first thing I've got to do is to stand off Mr. Bishop, I promised to return that money to-night, but now that's impossible. It will take all of a month for me to square myself with him, and I'll hardly have more than cigarette money left. I'm in a deuce of a hole. I've promised to take a girl to the show at the Opera House on Friday night, and now I haven't the price. I'll have to stand her off, too, and I don't know how I'm going to get around it, for she's a regular spitfire when she's mad."

Mr. Spavinger didn't seem particularly interested in Dean's feminine affairs.

"You make a lot of fuss over a capful of ill-wind," he remarked with a perceptible sneer.

"A capful!" cried Morris, almost angrily, "you mean an overwhelming blast—a hurricane that has completely wrecked me."

"Pooh!" said the sport, emitting a cloud of smoke from his mouth. "Can't you borrow fifty cases from your brother to square yourself?"

"Oh, Bishop will wait, I guess. He knows I'm good for that fifteen cases."

"But how about me?" retorted Mr. Spavinger.

"You!" exclaimed Morris, in astonishment. "I don't owe you anything."

Mr. Spavinger put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a memorandum book. He turned the leaves over with great deliberation until he came to a certain page.

"Now, young gent, first of all did you or did you not tell me to put ten dollars on the first race, me to select the horse?"

"I did, and I gave you the money."

"Key-rect. Well, I picked Tam O'Shanter. He slipped a shoe and came in last, so you lost. Secondly, did you ask me to pick a winner for the second race to the extent of another ten?"

"Yes, and you got the money for that, too."

"Right you are. I thought Jack-o'-Lantern a likely horse to come in first. He was a nose ahead in the home stretch and ought to have won."

"Then why didn't he?"

"Because he slipped a cog and Tallyho beat him by a length. That disposes of two counts. Thirdly, I said I had my eye on a long shot for the third race, and you told me to put up another ten on that race, didn't you?"

"Sure I did, and you—"

"Got the money? Of course I did. I slapped your ten on Bobolink, but unfortunately she lost and so you lost again."

"I should think I did."

"Now we come to the fourth race, the most important of all. I thought I had a sure winner for that and you told me to go twenty-five cases on her, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"The man who gave me the tip ran in a cold deck on me, I am sorry to say. I put your money on Minnehaha for first place, and she lost by three lengths, coming in fourth. That was

hard luck, for it did you out of seventy-five dollars."

Morris made no reply.

"Now," went on Nelson Spavinger, after a pause, during which he cast a sidelong glance at his dupe, "comes the fifth race."

"I didn't put up any money on that race," cried Morris, looking at the sport.

"I know you didn't," replied Mr. Spavinger, coolly. "That's just what I was trying to get at. I suggested that you back Jim Dandy."

"And I told you I had no more money to put up," interrupted Morris.

"That's right," replied the sport placidly. "And what did I say?"

"You said you'd lend me a fiver if I wanted you to."

"Pre-cisely. You took me up and signed your fist to this I-O-U I have here, didn't you?"

"I did, but afterward I turned the bet down and you threw the paper under your chair."

"I hate to dispute your word, young gent, but if I recollect the matter right you told me to make that fifty plunks instead of five, and put it through, which I did."

"Fifty dollars!" exclaimed Morris, aghast, for he knew that Jim Dandy did not come in one, two or three in the last race. "You must be crazy."

"Excuse me. I altered the five to fifty as you told me, put up the dust and I regret to say you lost again."

"But I never told you to put up fifty dollars on anything for me," asserted Morris.

"This paper says you did," replied Mr. Spavinger, coolly.

"I don't care anything about that paper. It's no good."

"Isn't it? Well, now I thought it was. I said to myself, after the colt lost, the young gent 'll feel sore to think he has to make this good. It ain't impossible that he may refuse to honor his I-O-U. In that case why I'm afraid I'd have to call and see his father about—"

"If you called on my father with that paper it would ruin me," cried Morris, with a livid face.

"I ain't anxious to call on him," replied Mr. Spavinger, cheerfully. "If you say you'll pay me this week I'll let it go at that."

"But I don't owe you that fifty," replied Morris, passionately.

"Now look here, young gent; what's the use of getting down in the mouth? I wouldn't press you but I must have funds, see? You say you haven't the money," said Nelson Spavinger, lighting a fresh cigar. "What of it? You've got a brother that keeps a store and is making money, ain't you? Very good. What's the matter with borrowing enough from him to square yourself all around, as well as to take another go at the horses?"

"Didn't I tell you that my brother wouldn't lend me a cent to save my life?"

"Well, couldn't you borrow it without him knowing anything about it? Let me whisper in your ear."

Nelson Spavinger bent over toward the young man and said something in a low tone of voice which Jack, who had heard the whole conversation to this point, did not catch. Morris started back as if he had been stung by a venomous insect.

"No, no," he gasped, "I couldn't do that. I couldn't."

And Jack saw that his face had grown pale and haggard, and that he shivered as with the ague.

CHAPTER IV.—Jack's Plan.

Morris Dean was reaping a crop of wild oats he had carelessly sowed—and the harvest was a bitter one. He knew that he was being swindled by the man he had trusted, but he couldn't help himself, or at least he thought he couldn't. Mr. Spavinger had suggested, in a whisper, that he could rob his brother.

Morris recoiled from such a proposition, not because he was opposed to taking what didn't belong to him, if he could do so without being detected, but because the victim in that case would be his brother. He disliked his brother, it is true, but he didn't have the nerve to rob him.

"If it was only somebody else," he muttered to himself; "somebody who——"

At that moment the father of all evil must have been at his elbow, for an idea came into his head—an idea that rather appealed to him, though it was dangerous. The color returned to his face and the courage to his heart.

"You've taken a mean advantage of me, Mr. Spavinger," he said. "You know as well as I do that you're trying to bunco me out of fifty cases. I did not tell you to make any bet on the fifth race. I was a fool to sign my name to any paper, but since I did, I've got to take my medicine."

"Then how do you expect to raise the money? Remember, I must have it this week. If you don't ante up it will be my unpleasant duty to see the old gent himself."

"You needn't remind me again of that unpleasant fact," said Morris, with a frown. "However, I think I see my way out of the scrape."

Mr. Spavinger cocked up his ears and looked interested.

"The day after to-morrow is pay-day at the mill. It's a legal holiday, but owing to the rush of orders on deck the mill hands have been notified that they will have to work. The bank won't be open that day, as a matter of course, and consequently the cashier will draw the pay money to-morrow afternoon and keep it over night in the office safe. The combination has lately been changed, and I've an idea that the cashier keeps a record of it on a slip of paper, with the key of the inner compartment in his drawer to refresh his memory with in case he should forget the figures. I carry the key to the office. Nothing would be easier than for me to slip into the office, provided you would come to the gate and engage the attention of the watchman for say twenty minutes. If I find the combination I can open the safe and then the rest will be easy. I'll take enough to pay my debts and leave me with a snug sum of pocket money in my clothes besides. How does the idea strike you?"

"It strikes me all right. You've got more brains than I gave you credit for. You're going to do the job some time to-morrow night, ain't you?"

"Yes. Say about eleven o'clock, when the neighborhood is quite deserted."

"I'm ready to help you out, young gent. We'll meet accidental like at the Parlors, have a game or two of pool and then we'll go off together."

"All right. Now let's be off. I see it has cleared up."

Mr. Spavinger nodded, put the boxes back in the closet and blew out the light. Then the hardened old sinner, and the young one just starting out on the broad road that leads to moral destruction, picked up their umbrellas and left the shanty.

"Well," said Jack Clyde to himself, as he was left alone in the old shack, "if I haven't learned considerable this night about the inside character of Morris Dean I'm out of my calculation. So he bets on the races, does he? This time he seems to have caught it in the neck. If he isn't an easy bird to pluck I'm much mistaken, that's all. The idea of his giving his money to that skin to pick winners for him! Mr. Spavinger simply played him for a chump. I greatly doubt if he placed a single one of those bets. It was easy for a man of his stamp to put Dean's money in his pocket and then come back and hand out a fake story to Morris. It was such a simple game that he must have laughed in his sleeve more than once. And then the avaricious old rascal wasn't satisfied at that but he must work a bit of bunco on top of it. Now to extricate himself from his hole, Morris is going to try and rob the office safe at the mill. He'll do it, too, I don't think. I'm going to treat Morris Dean to the surprise of his life. I'll give him a shock that he won't forget for a long time to come."

Thus speaking, Jack walked to the front window and looked out. He saw Mr. Spavinger and Morris Dean vanishing down the road.

"It's too late for me to go on to Bertha Garland's home now. It must be past nine o'clock. She'll think the rain stood me off, so I'll go back home."

On his way home Jack paused before a neat white cottage that bore a sign "For Sale."

"I wonder how long it will be before I have money enough to buy such a little house as that for aunt and sis?"

Jack continued on his way, and in ten minutes reached the plain dwelling his aunt rented for a few dollars a month.

"I did not expect you back so soon, Jack," smiled his aunt, Mrs. Susan Frost. "How is Bertha to-night?"

"I couldn't say, Aunt Sue. I didn't go to her home after all. The rain held me up so long in that old shanty down the road that I decided it was too late to call and so I came back."

"That was too bad, and she was expecting you, too."

"Yes, I guess she was; but it can't be helped. That's one of the disadvantages of not owning an umbrella. Good night, auntie, I'm going to bed."

Next morning Jack met his friend Andy Blossom on the corner as usual.

"Hello, Jack!" said Andy. "What do you know this morning?"

"I know something that'll make you stare all right," replied Jack.

"Is that so?" asked Andy, with some interest.

"What is it?"

"I'm going to tell you; but I want you to keep it to yourself."

"I'll be mum if you say so," agreed Andy, on the tip-toe of curiosity.

"It concerns Morris Dean."

"Does it? I'll bet it's nothing to his credit," replied Andy, who, in common with the other mill hands, had a very poor opinion of the time-keeper. "What's he been up to?"

"I found out several things about him last night that rather opened my eyes. I never took much stock in him anyway, in spite of the fact that he's enjoyed advantages that the rest of us haven't had; but I'm bound to say I did not suspect him to be the reckless young rascal he is."

"What did you find out about him?" asked Andy, eagerly.

"I'll tell you the whole story and you can judge for yourself what kind of a chap he really is."

Jack then related to Andy his adventure of the preceding evening in the old shanty on North-bridge road.

"And he really means to rob the office safe to-night?" cried Andy, in astonishment.

"That seems to be his programme."

"What are you going to do? Tell the manager?"

"I propose to catch him in the act myself."

"How are you going to manage it?"

"Well, you must help me."

"I'll do it; bet your boots. It would just suit me to have a hand in showing that chap up. He's been treating the girls meaner than dirt since he's been time-keeper. I've got it in for him especially for the shabby way he's acted toward Martha Higgins. He's shut her out six times in the last three months, and I've been looking for a chance to pay him up for it."

Martha Higgins was a sweet little orphan that Andy was paying a good deal of attention to, and it was quite natural for him to resent any indignity offered her.

"We'll take, say, four of the men—I'm going to pick them out—and we'll come to the mill to-night, put the watchman wise to the matter, and lay for him and Mr. Spavinger, his sporting friend, who is going to act as his accomplice. I guess it will be a big surprise to them to find themselves caught in the act."

"I'll bet it will," grinned Andy.

"I've concluded this will be the best way to deal with them. If I was to tell the manager this morning he might question Morris in his office about the matter. Dean would naturally deny the truth of my story, and his word would be as good as mine; in fact, better, for he would no doubt call in Mr. Spavinger to back him up. I haven't any witness to corroborate my statement, as I was alone in the shanty. So you can see he'd have the best of me. Of course, after that Morris wouldn't think of carrying out his plan against the office safe, and as there would then be no proof of his alleged rascality, the chances are a good many people would think I reported the matter solely to get him into a scrape."

"That's right. The manager is a friend of his father's, and gave him the job in the office. He would hate to see Morris get into trouble. Now if we catch the chap redhanded it will be different. It will open the manager's eyes to Dean's real character, and he will be obliged to take such action as the case demands."

That ended the discussion for the present, as the two boys had arrived at the mill gate. They

passed Morris Dean without giving him a look, and the time-keeper checked them off on his sheet. When noontime came, Jack called aside four men in whom he had every confidence, told them what Morris Dean proposed to do in the office that night, and they pledged themselves to join in with Jack and Andy in his scheme to catch the unpopular time-keeper with the goods on.

CHAPTER V.—Caught with the Goods on.

About nine o'clock that night Jack and Andy met the four mill hands at a certain corner not far from the mill, and the entire party started for the building. Arrived at their destination, Andy was boosted over the fence and sent to find the watchman, and give him an inkling of the situation. He came to the gate and let the party inside.

"Now, Jones," said Jack, who was the self-constituted leader in the proceedings, "you'd better be near the gate around eleven o'clock. In fact, it would be a good idea if you opened the gate and stood there, smoking. You may expect to see this sporting gent, Mr. Spavinger, come down the street. If he carries out the programme agreed upon last night, he'll stop and engage you in conversation. You must get him inside the gate so he can't escape when we're ready to secure him. That's your part of this job, and I expect you to carry it out in good shape. Don't give him any reason to suspect you are on to the scheme."

"All right, Clyde, you can depend on me. Whether I get him inside the fence or not, he won't dare to run when I pull my six-shooter on him," replied the watchman.

Seeing that the watchman understood what was expected of him, Jack led his assistants into the ground floor of the mill and posted them in the entry between the office and the mill proper. Then he proceeded to make sundry preparations he had figured on for catching Morris Dean at the right moment and showing him for what he was—a night chief. His plan was quite original in its way, and was really not necessary under the circumstances, but it pleased Jack to trap his man after his own ideas. He took a long, thin line and made a running noose at one end. Leaving the noose lying on the floor of the office near the safe he passed the other end through one of the square holes in the brass top of the office partition, and then a yard from that point he passed it back through another similar hole, leaving the end of the line dangling on the inside of the partition.

"That isn't a bad thief-catching trap," he said, with a grin, surveying the arrangement with a critical eye. "The next thing will be to see if it works to suit my taste."

He blew out the lamp and placed it on a nearby desk, then he went to the window overlooking the street to watch for the coming of Morris Dean. The office clock struck eleven before there was a sign of a human being on the street, then around the corner came two shadows that presently resolved themselves into Morris and his associate, Nelson Spavinger. They paused within a few feet of the window where Jack was looking out, and held a final consultation, then the sport continued on down the street and Morris watched him for a minute or two. He saw the watchman

step outside and stand in front of Mr. Spavinger, and that was his signal to get busy. Jack in the meanwhile had taken up his post under the nearest desk to the safe, whence he could keep a sharp eye on the faithless clerk's movements when he got down to business, and yet would be screened from observation by a couple of tall stools which he had arranged for that purpose.

Presently a key rattled in the lock of the street door, which opened and then shut behind Morris Dean. Going to the cashier's tall desk, the very one under which Jack was hiding, he tried a certain drawer, and found it locked, as he expected it would be. He was prepared for such an emergency. Taking a piece of steel from his pocket he inserted it into the crevice of the drawer, close to the lock, and exerted force enough to snap the lock off. He then opened the drawer, looked inside and took out a key and a slip of paper. He examined the paper in the light of the lamp. Apparently satisfied he had obtained what he wanted, he placed the lamp on the floor near the safe so its light would shine right on the combination, and then, with the contents of the paper for a guide, he set to work to open the safe.

Jack watched him closely as he worked, and at length saw Morris grasp the round steel knob and swing open the safe door. Then Dean stopped and listened attentively. Feeling reassured, he applied the key he had taken from the cashier's drawer to the keyhole of the inner steel compartment, where the money he was after lay. It was but the work of a moment for him to open this door. Then he grabbed one of the packages of bills, examined the denominations and thrust it into an inside pocket of his jacket. He was about to close and lock the steel inner door, having secured as much money as he wanted, when the watcher under the desk took a hand in the proceedings.

Creeping softly as a shadow from his hiding place, the boy tip-toed over to the spot where the noose lay within a foot or two of the kneeling clerk. Jack flung the noose over the thief's head, and it fell around his arms. Seizing the other end of the line, he pulled it taut, drawing Dean up to the screen a prisoner.

"Help!" yelled the boy, and in rushed the crowd.

Andy Blossom led the four mill hands forward.

"Morris Dean!" they exclaimed in one voice, in apparent surprise, while the captured clerk, struggling in vain to escape from the noose which held him in a vise-like grip, looked at them with a scared, white face.

"Here, Andy," said Jack, "just hold this line and don't let it give a single inch; I'm going to telephone to Manager Burnside. Three of you," to the men, "go out to the gate and secure Mr. Spavinger. Then bring him in here."

Jack rang up Mr. Burnside's home and connected with the manager, who had gone to bed.

"Come over to the office, sir," said the boy. "A thief has broken into your office safe and we have nabbed him."

"I'll come right over," replied the manager. "In the meantime telephone for a couple of policemen."

"That's what I am going to do, sir. Good-by."

Then Jack rang up the police station, told the person in charge to send two officers to the mill to take charge of a detected thief and his accom-

plice. Hardly had he hung up the receiver before there was a noise in the entry and presently Mr. Spavinger was led into the office by the mill hands and the watchman. When his eyes rested on Morris Dean pinned up against the wire partition, his face livid with consternation at the predicament he was in, the sport's heart failed him. He saw that a screw had worked loose in the clerk's little scheme, and realized that the young man was in a serious scrape. As soon as Mr. Spavinger saw that Jack Clyde was running things, he appealed to him.

"Why am I treated in this high-handed manner, young man?" he demanded, with an appearance of virtuous indignation. "Somebody will have to pay for this outrage."

"You have been taken charge of because you are this chap's accomplice in his attempt to rob the office safe of this mill," replied Jack.

At that juncture Mr. Burnside, the manager, came in at the door. His brow clouded when he saw the open safe door.

"Well, Clyde," he began, "how——"

Then his eye rested on the prisoner pinned to the partition.

"Morris Dean!" he exclaimed in utter amazement. "Why, what does this mean?"

"It means, sir," replied Jack, "that we caught Dean in the act of taking money from the safe."

"Impossible!" gasped Mr. Burnside.

"It is the fact, sir. He has a package of money on his person at this moment, which I saw him take from the inner compartment of the safe. Before he could get any more I flung a noose about him and yanked him up against the partition."

"Morris Dean," said the manager, walking up to him, "have you taken money from that safe to-night?"

The unfortunate young man made no reply to this question, but his face proclaimed his guilt, and Mr. Burnside could only draw one conclusion—that the son of Matthew Dean, one of the most respected of Northbridge's retired merchants, was indeed a detected thief.

CHAPTER VI.—Morris Dean and Mr. Spavinger Are Both Held for Trial.

"Let him loose," said Mr. Burnside, with a sorrowful expression on his countenance, and Andy Blossom dropped the end of the line.

The manager relieved Morris of the noose, put his hand into his inside pocket and drew out the package of bills.

"I am truly pained to find the son of Matthew Dean in such a compromising situation," he said, regretfully. "Have you any explanation to offer for your conduct?"

"I needed the money," replied Morris, doggedly. "I needed it more than I ever wanted anything in my life before. That's all there is to it."

"I am afraid you have got yourself into a very serious scrape, Morris. How you will be able to get out of it I cannot even guess at this moment."

Then turning to Jack he said:

"Who is this other person? Is he implicated in this affair, too?"

"Yes, sir. He's Dean's accomplice."

"Do you know this man, Morris?" asked the manager.

"I do," replied the clerk.

"What is his name?"

"Nelson Spavinger."

"Is he connected with you in this affair?"

"Yes, sir; he's the whole cause of my being in this scrape," blurted out the young man.

"You lying young villain!" roared the turfy gentleman, starting forward with the evident intention of striking the clerk in the face.

Jack, who was standing near, interfered and grasped his upraised arm. At that moment the two police officers appeared at the door, and Mr. Spavinger considered it the part of prudence to subside. Mr. Burnside reluctantly ordered one of the officers to take charge of Morris, and then pointed out Mr. Spavinger to the other.

"I give them both in charge," he said. "Take them to the station-house. I will follow presently and make the charge against them."

The policemen slipped handcuffs on their prisoners and led them away. Mr. Burnside returned the money to the safe, relocked it and put the key in the inner compartment in his pocket.

"I am at a loss to understand how you and the other mill hands happened to be on hand here at the very moment you were needed to save the company's property," he said, turning to Jack.

"I will give you the whole story on the way to the stationhouse, sir," replied the boy.

"Very well. I shall be glad to hear it."

The four mill men were dismissed, with the manager's thanks for their services, the office was locked up, and then Mr. Burnside, accompanied by Jack and Andy, started for the station-house. On the way Jack told the manager about his adventure of the previous night at the old shanty.

"Why did you not inform me this morning about this matter so I could have taken measures to prevent this lamentable affair. By taking this thing into your own hands you have ruined Morris Dean's life career. He will certainly be sent to prison, as the evidence against him is as clear as daylight."

"I acted as I thought best in the matter, sir. Had you taxed Dean with the contemplated crime he would most certainly have denied it. My unsupported word would have gone for nothing. In fact, I think I would have been shown up in a bad light myself. The only way that I could see to prove my statement was to lay for him and catch him in the act. This I have done. It is Dean's own funeral—not mine—that he chose to engage in such a criminal enterprise."

"I don't see that he's entitled to sympathy any way," spoke up Andy. "He's set every employee in the mill against him since he's been time-keeper by his mean tactics at the gate."

"I don't understand you," said the manager.

Then Andy proceeded to enlighten him concerning Dean's questionable methods with the girls when they reached the gate a moment late.

"Why wasn't this reported to me?" asked the manager.

"Because there isn't a talebearer in the mill—that's why, sir," replied Andy, promptly.

The charge was duly made by the manager against Morris Dean and Nelson Spavinger, and the pair were locked up in separate cells for the night. The police court was crowded next morning, as the Dean family was well known in Northbridge, and they had a large circle of acquaintances.

After two or three minor cases had been disposed of, Dean and Spavinger were brought into looking considerably the worse for their night's lodging in a common cell.

The prisoners both pleaded not guilty, Morris doing it on the advice of the lawyer provided to look after his interests by his father. Jack Clyde was, of course, the star witness at the examination, and he gave his testimony in a clear and concise way. Audy Blossom, the night watchman, and the four mill hands, gave their evidence in turn. The case against Morris was clear beyond a doubt, and he was held for trial at the next term of the circuit court. Mr. Spavinger's connection with the attempted robbery would hardly have been established had not Morris testified directly against him. The sport endeavored to make his dupe out a liar, but did not succeed, and as a consequence he was also held as Dean's accomplice.

Both were admitted to bail, Mr. Spavinger's being placed as low as \$1,000, but as no one came forward to go his security he had to go back to his cell, while Morris went free on a bond signed by his father and another gentleman. A few days later the Board of Directors of the Northbridge Cotton Mill held a special meeting, at which Jack Clyde was voted the thanks of the company and the sum of \$1,000 for his services in preventing the robbery of the safe and bringing the criminal to justice.

CHAPTER VII.—Making Money.

Jack Clyde was the happiest boy in the mill when he left the manager's office with the company's check for \$1,000 in his pocket. There was joy in the little cottage on the Northbridge road that night when our young hero displayed the check before the wondering eyes of Aunt Sue and his cripple sister Gertie.

"What are you going to do with it, Jack?" asked Gertie, with sparkling eyes. "Put it in the bank?"

"I might open a store with it," her brother answered.

The fact of the matter was Jack had unexpectedly discovered a chance to make a stake by shrewd dealing. He had heard that a hardware store on one of the most prominent corners of Main Street would soon be for rent. The man who had run it for years had lately died and the widow was going to sell the stock-in-trade and fixtures at auction, and dispose of the lease, which had three years yet to run. This fact would have had no interest for Jack but that he knew an agent of the National Tobacco Trust was in town looking for an eligible site to open a retail store, and he judged the corner in question would suit him to a T.

So Jack made a break at once for the widow who held the lease and asked her what she would take for it. She told him \$600.

"I'll give you \$25 for the refusal of it for two days at that figure," said Jack, promptly.

The lady objected to such a small amount, but finally they compromised on \$50 for a seven day's option. The boy handed her the money and she signed the option. He rushed off at once to the hotel where the tobacco trust's agent was stopping, and found that the man was just going to a

show at the opera house that evening. Jack lost no time in making him an offer of the lease of the hardware store.

"Who do you represent?" asked the agent, growing interested at once, for the corner was just what he wanted. "I was not aware that location was for rent."

"I represent myself," replied Jack, with some dignity. "I control the lease of the store for the next three years. The rent is \$60 monthly as it stands. I will sell you the lease for twelve hundred dollars cash, or I will sub-let the store to you for one year at one hundred dollars a month, with privilege of renewal at the same rent for the rest of the term covered by the lease."

"When will the store be vacant?"

"You can have possession on the first of the month."

"I'll give you one thousand dollars for the lease," said the agent.

Jack shook his head.

"I can do better than that with a man who wants to establish a drug store on that corner."

"I'll go down there with you and look the store over."

"All right," replied Jack.

The agent was pleased with the store and decided to head off the druggist by agreeing to the boy's terms. Jack gave him a written agreement to turn the lease over to him on the following evening, and the agent paid him one hundred dollars on account. The man then went on to the Opera House while Jack paid a visit to the widow. He paid her the six hundred dollars and she transferred the lease of the corner store to him. Next evening he met the agent at the hotel and completed the deal, pocketing a profit of six hundred dollars by the transaction. He was now prepared to buy the cottage and pay all the cash for it which would leave him four hundred dollars to put in the bank. It happened, however, that next morning he noticed an advt. in the morning's paper of a much better house with more ground, that was offered at a bargain to close out an estate. The following day being Sunday he and his aunt went around and looked at it.

It was a very desirable place, and dirt cheap at twenty-five hundred dollars.

"We'd better take it, auntie," he said.

"It's too big for us, Jack," she objected. "Besides you've only got sixteen hundred dollars, and would be obliged to put a mortgage on it. That would cost us fifty dollars a year in interest. Now the cottage on Northbridge road you could get free and clear and still have several hundred to draw interest in the saving bank. This is a very fine place, and I have no doubt it is cheap, but it is foolish for you to buy it, I think."

"Auntie, I see a speculation in this," said Jack. "I'll bet I could resell this property at a profit before you even took title to it. This house is a snap at twenty-five hundred dollars. It's worth four thousand dollars if it's worth a dollar. I don't believe in losing such a chance. Here's a gentleman and lady coming to look at it now. We'll run around to the lawyer's house and tell him we'll take the property. You can pay him one hundred dollars down. He'll give you a receipt dated yesterday to make it legal. You can then sign the contract any day next week you like,

and pay him four hundred more. It will take thirty days, I guess, to have the title passed upon, and during that interval we may have an offer to take the contract off our hands. If not you can buy the property as soon as the title is shown to be all right, and then I'll advertise the place for sale at whatever price I think it ought to bring."

Whatever Jack said always went with his aunt, for she had the utmost confidence in his business sagacity, boy though he was, so they went around to call on the lawyer who had charge of the property. The lawyer accepted the one hundred dollars, gave his receipt therefor and promised to have the contract ready in a few days for Mrs. Frost to sign at his office. That evening a gentleman called at the Frost cottage. Jack recognized him as the escort of the lady they had seen looking at the house just as they left for the lawyer's. He had called, he said, to see if Mrs. Frost would take five hundred dollars for her option on the property.

"No, sir," replied Jack, speaking up, "we have a bargain in that property. It is easily worth four thousand dollars, just as it stands."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the visitor, with a frown.

"Very well, sir. Then we won't argue the matter. I wouldn't advise my aunt to take a cent less than twelve hundred dollars for her option."

"Then we can't do business," said the gentleman rising and taking his leave.

On the evening of the day Mrs. Frost signed the contract the gentleman called again, and after some dickering offered one thousand dollars for the option.

"We'll let you have an answer in a day or two," replied Jack.

"I think you ought to have accepted his offer, Jack," said Aunt Sue, after their visitor had departed. "He might change his mind."

"I'll risk it," grinned Jack.

Next day Mrs. Frost got a letter from the lawyer saying that he could get her fifteen hundred dollars for her option if she cared to accept it.

"Take it," said Jack, when she showed him the letter that night.

Two days later Mrs. Frost received a check from the purchaser, not the gentleman who had dickered with them, for two thousand dollars, which included the five hundred dollars she had paid on the contract, and Jack found himself worth thirty-one hundred dollars—twenty-one hundred dollars of which he had made in less than a month through a shrewd use of the one thousand dollars he had received from the mill company.

"I guess you'd better buy the cottage up the road now, auntie," he said that evening.

"Are you sure that you won't change your mind to-morrow?" she asked with a smile.

"I guess not. I have no more irons in the fire at present."

"Well, after buying the cottage you'll still have nineteen hundred dollars to your credit in the bank."

"Yes. That ought to be enough to see me through my next scheme," he replied, putting on his hat, for he had promised Bertha he would call on her that evening.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Strike.

It soon began to be whispered about among the girls on the fourth floor of the mill that Flora Watson had become very thick with David Jobkins, the foreman of her section. Every one knew that Jobkins had been making up to her for some time, but without any more success than he had had with Bertha Garland, for Flora had always shown a decided preference for Morris Dean. Now since Morris had got into such serious trouble Flora changed about and began to favor the foreman. At least it seemed that way to the other girls. As a matter of fact, however, Flora had a purpose in view, and she expected to accomplish it through Jobkins, whom she really did not care for even a little bit. Jobkins readily fell into the trap. He was quite infatuated with Flora, and was willing to do most anything to make himself solid with her. He had not the faintest idea that the girl was meeting Morris on the sly two or three evenings a week. On one of these occasions she grew quite confidential with him.

"Do you know," she said, "I can't bear that Jack Clyde. I can't understand what the girls see in him to rave about him as they do. They actually say he's the best looking boy in town," tossing her head disdainfully.

"They're away off their perch," replied Jobkins. "For my part I hate the chap. I wish I could find some excuse for givin' him the bounce."

"Isn't there any way we could get him out of the mill?" she asked.

"Not that I know of," he answered.

"I've heard there is likely to be trouble at the mill over the new rules that go into effect next week," she said after a pause.

"I reckon there will be," nodded Jobkins, significantly.

"The men are holding meetings on the subject, I think, and are trying to get the girls over on their side."

"That's right," admitted the foreman.

"Do you think there's any possibility of a big strike?"

"Yes, I think there is if the management doesn't haul in its horns."

"I heard Bertha Garland saw to-day that she's opposed to having trouble with the company."

"She is, eh?" replied Jobkins. "Do you think she'd turn scab if we all went out?"

"I think she's just that kind of a creature," replied Flora, spitefully. "And she isn't the only one either that would do it."

"Who are the others?"

Flora mentioned a score of names.

"Confound the women!" snarled Jobkins. "They are always for takin' the bread out of a man's mouth."

It was quite true that there was trouble brewing in the Northbridge Cotton Mill over the new and rather stringent rules about to be introduced by the manager.

A committee had waited on Mr. Burnside and objected to them, but the reply he made to the spokesman was by no means reassuring. About two-thirds of the hands were dead against the new arrangement, while the other third, chiefly men with large families and girls who were the

main support of their families and brothers and sisters, objected to taking any action that would interfere with their employment. Jack and Andy decided to stand by the company if there was any trouble. On Friday night the kicking hands held a meeting to arrive at a final decision as to what they were going to do. After a stormy discussion it was voted to send the manager an ultimatum in the morning, giving him to understand that if the new rules were to be enforced they would quit work. Manager Burnside handled the Ultimatum Committee without gloves. He told them that every employee who failed to report on Monday morning without a valid excuse must consider themselves discharged, and that their places would immediately be filled with outsiders. This stand taken by the manager angered the kickers and another meeting was called for that night. At this meeting inflammatory speeches were made and the motion to stay away in a body on Monday morning was carried unanimously amid great enthusiasm.

At half-past six Monday morning Jack Clyde and Andy Blossom left their homes as usual to go to the mill. When they reached the corner of the block in which the mill was located they were stopped by two of the seceded hands who had been told off as pickets, and who asked them to stand by the kickers and not go to the mill. The boys refused to join the strikers, and as they moved on were called "scabs" by their late associates.

"We don't care what you call us," retorted Jack. "It isn't a question of wages or any union principle that's involved in this matter. The company has the right to make new rules if it chooses, and so long as they're within reason I can't see why you fellows go to such an extreme as striking. You're making a mistake."

His words were received with hoots, so he and Andy went on and reported at the gate.

CHAPTER IX.—What Bertha Heard in the Shanty.

Nearly all of the kickers assembled in the neighborhood of the mill that morning and held a number of impromptu meetings at which the situation was canvassed and a few speeches were made. Most of the girls who had been induced to join the ranks of the malcontents were discouraged by the outlook, and a large proportion of them applied at noon for their old jobs, but were told that the company had all the help it wanted at present. During the day the manager secured lodgings for the new hands, and the prospect of the strikers looked mighty gloomy. They felt very bitter against those of their late associates who had stood by the company and thus retained their positions in the mill. David Jobkins developed into one of the most violent of the kickers. When he saw that their cause was practically lost he tried to incite the mob to some act of violence that might frighten the new hands into shaking their jobs. Jobkins, however, found a few kindred spirits who expressed their readiness to go to any extreme to bring the company to terms. They adjourned to a nearby barroom to talk it over. It was decided to make an attempt to blow up the mill on the following night. One of the men, an

ingenious mechanic, said he would put together an infernal machine, with clock-work attachment, which would do the business. The half-dozen conspirators then adjourned to meet again next day.

A man lounging about the same saloon next morning overheard Jobkins threaten to do up Jack Clyde at the first chance he could get. This man's daughter was employed at the mill, being one of those who had not gone out on strike. When he got home that night he told his daughter to warn the boy next day. The girl, however, thought the matter serious enough to demand immediate attention. As she lived only a short distance from Bertha Garland's home, and knowing that Jack Clyde called on Bertha quite often, she ran over to the Garland house to tell Bertha about Jobkins' threat.

Bertha was very much alarmed for the safety of the boy she thought so much of, and thanking her friend for bringing her the ominous intelligence she put on her hat and started down the road to the Frost cottage, intending to warn Jack. Aunt Sue and Gertie Clyde were surprised, though none the less pleased, to see Bertha, whom they thought a good deal of. It was the first time the girl had ever called to see Jack, and as she looked worried when Aunt Sue said that the boy was not at home, Mrs. Frost surmised there was something more in her visit than appeared on the surface. Bertha, however, not wishing to worry Jack's relatives, evaded an explanation of what had brought her to the cottage.

"He went back to the mill after supper," said Aunt Sue.

"The mill is not running at night," replied Bertha in surprise.

"I know," answered Mrs. Frost; "but Manager Burnside wanted to see Jack in the office. I believe he intends to promote him to a higher position—in fact I think Jack is going to take the place in the office formerly held by young Dean."

When Bertha left the Frost cottage she decided, notwithstanding that it was a lonesome walk in the darkness, to go to the mill, and if she saw a light in the office to wait until Jack came out; for she feared Jobkins and some of his cronies might be aware of the boy's presence at the mill, in which event it was not impossible that they would lie in wait for him on his way home. It wasn't every girl that would have had the courage to undertake that walk, for the mill was situated in a section of the town that was thinly built upon, and, consequently, wore a deserted and gloomy aspect at night.

Suddenly she stopped. The sound of men's voices fell on her ear—voices deep and gruff. Whoever the men might be she had no wish to meet them. She knew the road well, for she passed over it twice a day, and remembered that there was an old shed a little way ahead in which she could conceal herself.

It stood back a dozen yards or so from the road, and she hastened her steps in that direction. She flew up the well worn path that led to the shed, and had just time to gain the doorway, when she made out the dim outline of three figures coming along the road. Instead of keeping straight on as she expected they would, the men, to her great dismay, turned into the path and came toward the shed. Bertha had only time

to shrink back in a corner of the place before the men entered the building.

There was nothing in the place but a heap of hay, and as it was close to where she stood, she determined to get behind it. Little by little she managed to crawl behind the pile of fodder and crouch down. Then she began to listen intently to what the men were saying, thinking they were on the lookout for Jack. But Jack's name wasn't mentioned. The three men had something of more importance on their hands at that moment. She found they were awaiting the appearance of a comrade.

"What time was Jackson to be here?" asked one of the men.

"He ought to be here now," replied Jobkins, in an impatient tone. "I can't imagine what's keepin' him."

"He'll bring the machine with him, won't he?"

"What good would it do for him to come without it?" growled the foreman.

"I s'pose Jackson 'll plant it himself, won't he?" said the first speaker. "He ought to know best how to handle such ticklish things."

"Don't worry, Mike Clancy, you won't be asked to do it," answered the foreman with a sneer. "You and Briggs will have enough to do to keep your eyes skinned for the watchman while Jackson and me attends to the real work."

"Where are you going to put it?" asked Briggs.

"In the engine-room, and after the explosion there won't be any work done in the mill for the next month or two," said Jobkins with an evil laugh, which was echoed by his companions.

"Hush!" cried Clancy at this point. "Some one is coming."

There was silence in an instant, and Bertha heard a heavy tread approaching the shanty.

"It's Jackson," said Briggs.

"What's been keepin' you?" growled Jobkins when the newcomer entered the hut.

"I was down at the mill spyin' around. I saw a light in the manager's office."

"I wonder what he's doin' there?" said the foreman.

"He was talkin' to that young shaver, Jack Clyde," replied Jackson.

"I'd like to get hold of that little monkey to-night," said the foreman. "I've a good sized grudge I'd like to settle with him."

"He ought to be goin' home soon," chuckled Clancy. "You might lay for him on the road if you think you've the time to spare. We'll help you catch him if you want, and help thump him, too. We all owe him somethin' for stickin' by the company, and helpin' to do us out of our jobs."

"Aye, that we will," agreed Briggs. "He needs a lesson that he won't soon forget."

"He'll get it, don't you fear, whether it's to-night or later on," said Jobkins, angrily. "And he'll get it good if I've got anythin' to say about it. I mean to put him out of business so he won't do no more work in that mill, or anywhere else for that matter."

He spoke with such a malicious intensity that Bertha's blood chilled with apprehension for Jack's safety. She must and would try to save him at any hazard.

"Oh, blast the boy!" interjected Jackson. "Let's get down to business."

"Well," said Jobkins, "did you bring the machine?"

"Of course I did. It's under my jacket."

"How do you set it off?"

"It goes off itself."

"What!" cried the other three, beginning to back away from him.

Jackson laughed.

"Don't be afraid. It won't go off now. Do you take me for a fool to put my life in danger carryin' it around with me? It's as harmless as a ring-dove at the present moment," and he drew it forth from its place of concealment. "It's got to be wound up before it becomes dangerous."

"It goes off by clockwork, eh?" said Briggs.

"That's what it does," replied Jackson. "It's my own invention."

"After you wind it up how long before it goes off?" inquired Clancy.

"I've got it timed for twenty minutes. That'll give us time enough to get a long way from the mill if we don't lag. Did you get something that'll answer for a jimmy to break into the engine-room?" he asked the foreman.

"Sure I did."

"Where is it?"

"Hid behind the straw in yonder corner."

At those words Bertha's heart nearly stopped beating with terror. If the article they wanted was behind the fodder pile, as soon as Jobkins went to get it he would be sure to discover her concealed there. What then would be the consequence?

CHAPTER X.—Jack In the Toils.

"Hark!" cried Clancy in a low tone at this moment.

All listened.

"Sounds like a boy whistlin'," said Briggs.

"I'll bet it's Jack Clyde on his way home from the mill," chipped in Jackson.

"Then we'd better nab him," said Jobkins. "We can tie him and leave him in this shanty till we've planted the bomb, then I'll come back and attend to his case."

"I'm with you," replied Clancy. "Two of us will be enough to capture the cub."

So Jackson and Briggs remained in the shanty while Jobkins and Clancy departed on their errand. Bertha shivered with fear at the fate that awaited Jack. She waited with strained attention for further developments. In a few minutes the foreman and Clancy returned, dragging Jack Clyde between them.

"You pair of cowards!" roared the boy. "What game are you up to anyway?"

"Shut up, you monkey!" snarled the foreman. "There's a bit of rope hangin' somewhere against the wall. Get it down, Jackson, and help me tie him up."

Jackson found the rope without striking a light, and the two men soon bound Jack securely hand and foot. Satisfied that the prisoner could not escape by any exertions of his own, Jobkins got on his feet, gave the boy a vicious kick in the thigh and left him. The kick was in cowardly revenge for a heavy blow Jack had given him in the road.

"Well, I think we might as well make a start,"

suggested Jackson. "The sooner we get the job over the better it'll suit me."

"All right," said the foreman. "I'll get that bar now."

"You'll need a light, won't you?" said Clancy.

"Not me. I know just where to put my hand on it. There's too much straw lyin' around loose in this shack for me to strike a light."

As he spoke he started toward the pile of straw behind which Bertha crouched.

It was a terrible ordeal for Bertha, for Jobkins was groping within an inch or two of her, and yet astonishing to relate he did not seem at all conscious of her presence.

"Oh! I've got it," he exclaimed at last in a tone of satisfaction.

He rose up with the steel bar in his hand, actually brushing against Bertha's dress. She drew a breath of relief as he moved away from the corner. She knew she had escaped discovery by the narrowest possible margin.

"We'd better throw some of the straw over that boy," said Jackson. "You can't tell but some one might come in here while we're away."

"What's the use of takin' that trouble?" growled Jobkins. "Just shove him under it head first. It won't strangle him, and if it did it wouldn't make no difference anyhow, as far as I'm concerned."

So Clancy and Briggs grabbed Jack by the legs and pushed him into the pile of straw, his head coming to a rest within less than an inch of Bertha's foot.

"Now he's safe enough I'll swear," chuckled Clancy.

"Good enough," replied Jackson. "Let's be off."

The four men passed out of the door, and the girl heard their feet trampling on the path which led to the road. She did not make a move until utter silence reigned once more about the shanty, then she stepped out from behind the straw and ran to the door. Looking toward the road she saw no signs of the men.

"They are gone," she breathed. "Thank heaven for that. Now to release Jack—dear Jack, how I do love him. I'd be willing to suffer anything for his sake. I wonder if he cares as much for me?"

She ran lightly back to the pile of straw and began tearing it away with a feverish energy that soon accomplished her purpose. In a moment or two she had the boy's face exposed. She could barely see the outline of his countenance in the dark as she bent down over him, and she felt for the gang across his mouth.

"It is I, Jack, Bertha Garland," she talked to him in a rapid, almost hysterical whisper, so excited was she at the moment. "I'm going to save you, Jack. I'm going to get you loose somehow right away."

"Bertha, is it really you?" asked Jack, in great astonishment, as soon as she had removed the handkerchief from across his mouth.

"Yes, yes," she replied. "Oh, these ropes are tied so tightly. What shall I do to get them loose?"

"Put your hand in my right trousers pocket and you will find my jackknife," replied Jack, eagerly.

She did as he directed, and was soon sawing the rope that held his arms. Snap went the strands and Jack's arms were free.

"Now you can cut the rest yourself better than I can," she said in a glad tone.

It didn't take the boy a minute to completely free himself.

"Now, Bertha, tell me how you knew I was a prisoner in here?" he asked her.

"I knew it because I was hiding in this shanty when David Jobkins and Patrick Clancy brought you here. I could tell by their words and from the sound when they threw you on the floor and bound you. I could not tell whether I would be able to help you or not, for I was in a tremble lest they should find me here. I dare not think what they might have done to me if they had."

"But how came you to be here at all, Bertha?" asked Jack, wonderingly.

"Martha Stebbings brought me word to-night that Mr. Jobkins had sworn to get even with you for reasons I cannot understand unless it is because you stuck to the company. I went over to your house to warn you, and found you had gone to the mill to see the manager. Fearing that Mr. Jobkins would learn of your whereabouts, as it seems he did, and waylay you on your way home, I started for the mill myself. When I got as far as this place, three men, of whom Mr. Jobkins was one, came along behind me, and to escape observation I rushed into this shanty. To my alarm they came here, too."

"What a dear, brave girl you are, Bertha," interrupted Jack, with some enthusiasm. "And to think you dared venture down in this locality in the gloom of a dark night on my account! I shall never be able to thank you enough," he added, stealing his arm around her waist.

"Could I do less for you, Jack, when I knew you were in danger? Didn't you save me from a frightful injury, if not death, a short time ago? Oh, Jack, I could not sit still at home and think of what might happen to you through that man's revengeful disposition."

Jack drew the girl's unresisting form to him and kissed her on the lips.

"Oh, Jack!" she said in blushing confusion.

"That's the only way I can truly thank you, Bertha," he said with a cheerful laugh. "But go on. You had something more to tell me."

"Jack, we must do something at once to save the mill," she cried.

"Save the mill! What do you mean?" he asked, a bit startled.

"Those men intend to blow up the engine-room to-night."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the boy. "How do you know that?"

"I heard them talking about it before you came up the road. They have some kind of a clock-work bomb that two of them mean to place in the engine-room while the others keep on the lookout for the night watchman."

"Then they left here to carry out that terrible object, did they?" cried Jack, excitedly.

"Yes."

"I have no time to lose, then. They have too much start now for me to head them off. The best I can do is to try and frustrate their design somehow."

"You must take me with you, Jack. I dare not go home alone. I heard one of the men say the bomb was timed to go off in twenty minutes after it was wound up."

"Come then, Bertha. We can cut across lo :

and save some time. You say that it is the engine-room they propose to wreck?"

"Yes."

"That would be a terrible disaster for the mill. It would put it out of commission for some time to come. We certainly must prevent such a thing if we can."

They had run down the path and crossed the road while speaking. Then Jack helped the girl to climb the fence, and once over they started at a rapid pace for the mill, a quarter of a mile away.

CHAPTER XI.—The Explosion.

All was quiet in the vicinity of the mill when they reached the block in which it stood.

"You had better stand in the shadow of the office doorway while I climb the fence and get into the mill yard," said Jack to Bertha.

She reluctantly agreed to do this when she saw there was no other course for her to adopt.

"You must be very careful, Jack," she begged of him. "Don't let those men catch you, and look out that the bomb does not explode when you are near it. Remember it is timed for twenty minutes. If the men have already placed it and gone away you have not many minutes to remove it in."

"I will look out, don't you fear, Bertha. I am in no hurry to join the angels yet," with a reassuring laugh.

Then he made for a point in the fence where he thought he could get over, and inside of a minute he was in the yard of the mill. There wasn't the slightest sign of the four men. The yard was as silent as a graveyard. He drew near the engine-room, which was a brick extension to the main building, with great caution, for he did not mean to be taken by surprise if he could help himself. Suddenly he stumbled over an object in the shadow of the mill. It was soft, and seemed like a thing of life.

Jack bent down to examine it and found that it was the night watchman bound and gagged. In a jiffy the boy had his knife out and was cutting the man's bonds. Then he removed the gag.

"Now, Harper," said Jack, eagerly and earnestly. "What about these men—there were four of them—do you know whether they've left the place yet?"

"The rascals who put me out of business, you mean?" replied the watchman.

"Of course."

"Yes. They left by the gate about five minutes ago. They broke into the engine-room, I think, and were only a short time on the premises. What their object was I cannot guess, as I had a good view of them when they went away, and they did not seem to be taking anything with them."

"I should say not," replied the boy. "They did not come here to steal, but to blow up the engine-room."

"Blow up the engine-room!" gasped the watchman.

"That's right," replied Jack. "But there isn't a minute to be lost if we are to save the place and not get blown up ourselves. Come on. We must find the bomb they left there. It is timed

to explode in twenty minutes, and probably more and not get blown up ourselves. Come on. We must move lively."

Jack, without losing another moment in additional explanation, darted for the engine-room, a few yards away. The door, which the rascals had forced, stood ajar and the boy pulled it open. It was dark as pitch within. How could he be able to find, in the brief interval that remained to him, that infernal machine which the scoundrels had placed somewhere in the room? He must light the reflector-lamp the first thing. As he put his hand in his pocket for a match he heard a loud ticking not many feet away. He thought it was the clock on the wall until he realized that the sound came from the floor.

"That must come from the clockwork inside the bomb," he breathed, excitedly.

He struck the match and advanced toward the spot whence the sound proceeded. He soon saw a dark box-light object standing under the big steel driving arm of the engine. The tick-tick sound came from its interior. Jack's heart almost stopped beating, and the perspiration came out on his forehead as he gazed down on the menacing object. What if it went off in another moment or two where would he and the engine be?

But the urgency of the situation caused the brave boy to throw off the benumbing sensation that for a moment paralyzed his limbs. Throwing all thought of his personal safety to the winds he swooped down on the bomb. Grabbing it in his two hands he started rapidly for the door, outside of which stood the watchman afraid to enter. Then he dashed for the fence and with a tremendous effort he threw the bomb as far over the fence as he could.

Hardly had it struck the ground when it exploded with a terrific report on the night air, seeming to split the very heavens with a deafening crash.

The earth seemed to shake and totter under Jack's feet, and a section of the fence was blown in upon him.

He went down in the midst of the debris.

The watchman came running forward as he crawled out from under the splintered timbers.

"Are you hurt?" asked Harper.

"No," replied Jack, after he had spit out a mouthful of dust. "That explosion will alarm the town, but I must telephone the police and the manager just the same. Let me into the office."

The watchman admitted him to the building.

The first thing Jack did was to run and throw up one of the windows opening on the street and look out in order to let Bertha, who had been terribly frightened by the force of the explosion, know that he was safe.

Then he rushed to the telephone and communicated with the police station first, and afterward with Manager Burnside, who said he would come right over.

By the time the police reached the scene Mr. Burnside came up, and Jack gave him a full explanation of the situation, which was corroborated by Bertha Garland.

All hands visited the scene of the explosion.

A big hole had been blown in the street near the walk, and a good bit of the fence had been wrecked.

The watchman attested the fact that Jack had

carried the bomb from the engine-room and thrown it over the fence.

The managers and the officers, too, regarded the heroic boy with undisguised admiration.

"You've got a wonderful nerve, Jack Clyde," said Mr. Burnside. "You certainly saved the engine-room and that end of the main building, but my heavens, lad, you took an awful risk! If that infernal machine had exploded in your hands there would not have been enough left of you to make a respectable funeral."

"Well, sir, it was my duty to save the mill if I could," replied Jack, with the modesty of a true hero, "and I am glad that I succeeded."

"Well, you've done the biggest thing that ever happened in this town," replied the manager, "and you may rest assured the company will reward you well for it. I wouldn't have taken the risk you did for a cool million," and the gentleman wiped the perspiration from his forehead, for he realized the gravity of the case.

"Can you furnish us with the identity of the scoundrels at the bottom of this outrage?" asked one of the officers.

"I can," replied Jack. "They are men who worked for some time in the mill before the recent trouble. The ring-leader is David Jobkins. The others are Patrick Clancy, Jim Briggs, and Peter Jackson. If you get a hustle on you may be able to catch them, but I fancy they'll get out of town as soon as they can."

People attracted by the explosion began to congregate in the neighborhood by this time.

Nobody could guess the true cause of the fearful sound which had disturbed and frightened many of the inhabitants.

The general impression at first prevailed that the boiler at the mill had blown up.

Jack escorted Bertha to her home and then continued on to his own, where he had quite an exciting story to tell his aunt and Gertie.

They were both horrified at the narrow escape Jack had had for his life. The Northbridge Times had a sensational story about the explosion in next morning's paper, and gave Jack Clyde full credit for the part he played in the affair.

People all over town praised the boy's courage, and wondered at his nerve.

The president of the company came to the mill next day, and personally shook the mill boy by the hand and commended him in no uncertain terms.

The police did not succeed in catching Jenkins and his accomplices anywhere in town, and it was concluded that they had made tracks for Boston.

On Friday there was a meeting of the directors of the mill company, when resolutions praising Jack were passed unanimously, and the sum of five thousand dollars was voted him as an evidence of the company's appreciation for his signal services.

CHAPTER XII.—Jack Puts Through Another Real Estate Deal.

Flora Watson was grievously disappointed because of David Jobkin's failure to do up Jack Clyde according to their prearranged programme.

She was further angered by the knowledge that

Jack had been installed in the position formerly held by Morris Dean.

Then on top of it all was the reflection that the boy she hated had been presented with two rewards aggregating six thousand dollars by the company, and that Bertha Garland had retained her position at the mill, while she (Flora) had sacrificed hers.

She had no sympathy for the ex-foreman, now a fugitive from justice, but she did grieve in secret over the fate that faced Dean, about to be tried for the attempted robbery of the office safe.

She had hoped Jobkins would be successful in putting Jack out of the way so he would not be able to appear at the trial to testify against the ex-clerk, and now that expectation was shattered.

It seemed as if everything had worked against her, and she was furious at the outlook.

To make matters even worse, Morris Dean, who, as we have already stated, was out on bail while his less fortunate confederate, Nelson Spavinger, languished in jail because nobody who knew him had confidence enough in him to become responsible for his appearance in court when his trial came on, studiously avoided her after the failure of their joint plans to get the best of Jack Clyde.

In her endeavors to recover lost ground with Dean she discovered that Morris was making fresh attempts to get in with Bertha Garland.

Although there wasn't the slightest chance of his making any headway at all with the beautiful mill girl, Flora Watson, nevertheless, became insanely jealous of Bertha, and began to plot how she might do her some dreadful injury.

"I'd like to spoil her beauty for her, the hussy," gritted the angry girl. "I'd be willing to go to jail to get square with her."

Finally she decided upon the fiendish trick of attacking Bertha. She bided her time, making guarded inquiries around among her friends and acquaintances, in an effort to discover where she could find her supposed rival of an evening.

Perhaps now that she was in a position to carry out her desperate project her conscience interposed, for she hesitated to put her plans into execution.

She kept gloating over the fact that the means was within her reach to do up Bertha whenever she managed to screw her courage up to the sticking point.

It was about this time that Jack Clyde carried through another speculation.

He was on very friendly terms with a certain young real estate man named Will Leslie, who had only lately established himself in North-bridge.

One evening Leslie met Jack and told him confidentially that the B. & M. Railroad Company was going to build an extension to its freight yards which would take in all the ground as far as the end of the block.

"The company has employed me to buy up the property on the quiet on the best terms I can get it for," remarked Leslie. "It will prove a good thing for me when I send in my bill for commissions."

"I congratulate you on getting such a snap. How came you to connect? There are several old real estate men in the town. I should have

thought the railroad company would have given one of them the preference."

"Well, you see, I have a little pull, in a way. An uncle of mine is on very friendly terms with one of the directors of the road, and it was through his efforts I was selected to do the business."

"Have you started in to buy yet?" asked Jack.

"Yes. I've got about a quarter of the ground secured, and expect to have options on the balance by the end of the week."

"I suppose you haven't had any difficulty about securing the land at a fair figure, have you?"

"Oh, no. You see not one of the owners is on to the fact that the railroad company is in the market for the land."

"If they were wise to the real situation the company would have to pay more to secure the ground they want."

"That's right, they would. I hope you won't breathe a word I have told you about this thing. It wouldn't be fair," said Leslie, hastily, beginning to realize that he had made a mistake in telling Jack about the matter.

"Oh, I sha'n't say a word about it, Leslie; but I can't help taking advantage of the chance you have placed before me to make a little haul out of it myself."

"How do you mean?" asked the young real estate man anxiously.

"Why, I bought the corner plot, 100x100, on the corner of Cambridge Street and Railroad Avenue three weeks ago. The ground is practically mine, for my aunt will take title next week, that is unless the B. & M. Railroad will pay me a handsome bonus for my option," grinned Jack.

"I see I made a mistake in being so confidential with you to-night," Leslie said, regretfully.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Jack. "I bought that property to hold for a rise. I had sixty-nine hundred dollars in the bank that I was looking around to invest in real estate, and it happened that I picked that out and took it. I had no idea the railroad company intended buying up that ground until you told me just now; but even if you had not confided that fact to me I should have held out for a good price anyway, as I could well afford to hold that ground for some years yet to come. You go on and buy the rest of the ground and then come to me with a certified check for five thousand dollars, and you can have the property after my aunt has taken title. Or if you prefer to take the option off my hands as it stands you can have it any day this week for three thousand dollars."

"But I didn't expect to give over three thousand dollars altogether, or thirty-five hundred dollars at the outside," protested Leslie.

"Then I'm doing you a favor in a way. The more the company has to pay for the property the more commission you will make, won't you?"

"That's true; but I am in honor bound to get the ground at the lowest possible price."

"Of course you are," replied Jack cheerfully, "and I have given you my bed-rock figure. If the company doesn't care to give it let them build their fence so as to exclude my corner. They don't have to have it to make a yard. But still I think it will pay them to make the deal."

The result of the matter was that the railroad company agreed to pay Mrs. Frost five thousand

dollars for the corner plot, and as Jack had purchased it for twenty-five hundred dollars he made a good thing out of the deal.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Fake Message.

In spite of the cloud which hung over Morris Dean, and the practical certainty that he would be convicted when his case came to trial, the young man showed himself about town with considerable bravado. He could be seen every afternoon and night at the Northbridge Billiard Parlors playing pool with boon companions who had no objection in the least to his society. Where he got his money from, now that he was not working, was a mystery no one inquired into.

The general impression had been at first that his father, to avoid disgrace of his son's conviction, would encourage him to jump his bail; but so far there was no signs of Morris taking such advantage of his liberty. Morris, however, didn't intend to be tried if he could help it; but he didn't care to skip out until he had revenged himself on Jack Clyde. He had great hopes that David Jobkins, spurred on by Flora Watson, would do the trick.

When his hopes in that direction were frustrated, he put his mind down to accomplishing his revenge himself. He found, however, that he had a large contract on his hands, for no reasonable opportunity presented itself for him to get in his work. He would not give up though the date set for his trial was drawing alarmingly near, and his father and brother begged him to make himself scarce before it would be too late for him to get away in safety. Twice his father gave him money under the impression that he would use it to fly to parts unknown, but each time he changed his mind at the last moment.

After turning down several schemes he had formed against Jack Clyde because of some obstacle that turned up to interfere with his carrying them out, he finally decided to reach Jack through Bertha Garland. He was satisfied from his observations that Jack and Bertha were as good as an engaged couple, and he felt sure anything that hurt Bertha would break up Jack. Besides he was stuck on the girl himself, and he thought he saw a way to kill two birds with one stone. He never dreamed that Flora Watson had designs against Bertha herself, nor that the jealous girl was watching his every move like a hawk. So he formulated a plan that he thought might be successful.

He found that Jack was often at the mill office for an hour or two of an evening, attending to the work of one of the clerks who was ill. The evenings were now warm and generally bright, as it was in the latter part of June, and so Bertha frequently walked from her home to the mill to meet Jack and enjoy the return walk with him.

Morris knew this, too. So one night while Jack was working at his desk, and thinking it was pretty nearly time for Bertha to show up, a boy came to the door with a message which he said be brought from Mrs. Frost stating that Gertie had been taken alarmingly ill and that he must come home directly.

"What's the matter with my sister?" asked Jack anxiously.

"I don't know," answered the boy, in a shifty way, "but you must go home without losing a moment."

Jack was greatly alarmed and disturbed. He loved his crippled sister dearly, and to have anything happen to her he felt would break his heart. He must go home at once of course; but what about Bertha? It might be fifteen or twenty minutes yet before she reached the mill. He would walk part of the way toward her house and try to head her off, but to provide against his failure to meet her he gave the boy a quarter to wait an hour for her, and if she came to go home with her. He started off at a rapid walk after locking up the office, but did not see the girl anywhere along the road. Then he turned off toward his own cottage. He arrived home in a state of nervous excitement, almost dreading to enter the house. When he dashed into the little sitting-room, there, to his great surprise, sat his aunt calmly sewing and his sister reading a book on the lounge.

"Why, Jack, what is the matter?" exclaimed Aunt Sue, regarding his flushed and troubled face with no little anxiety, while Gertie uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"Matter!" cried Jack hoarsely. "Isn't Gertie ill?"

"Ill! The idea! What put that into your head? She doesn't look sick, does she?"

"No, she doesn't, that's a fact," replied the boy drawing a deep breath of relief as he sank into a chair and wiped his heated forehead with his handkerchief.

"Then what made you think she was ill?"

"Because I just got a message from you that she was dangerously sick, and that I must come home at once."

"You got such a message from me!" cried Mrs. Frost, in astonishment.

"Yes, a boy brought it to the mill office not half an hour ago."

"Well, it's very funny. I did not send such a preposterous message as that to you. Why should I?"

"Then I don't understand what it all means," replied Jack with a perplexed air.

"Who was the boy?"

"I don't know him. I never saw him before."

"And he said I sent him with such a message to you?"

"He did. It broke me all up, for I couldn't bear to think of anything serious happening to Gertie," and he cast a fond look at his crippled sister. "So I came home right away without even waiting for Bertha, whom I expected to call at the mill, as she usually does when I stop there after dark."

"Poor Jack!" cried his sister, reaching out and stroking her brother's hand tenderly, for there was no one in the world like Jack in her opinion.

Aunt Sue was very much puzzled over the situation. She couldn't see what object any boy had in carrying such a falsehood to Jack. Suddenly the boy started to his feet.

"Somebody put up a job on me, sure as you live," he said. "Who ever it was wanted to get me away from the mill. Now why should anybody want to get me away from the building? It must be there has been some new plot hatched against the company, though the strike is over

and done with two weeks ago. I must return at once and see what's in the wind."

"Look out, Jack, that you do not run into some danger," warned his aunt.

"Yes, do be careful, brother," put in Gertie, anxiously.

"Oh, don't worry yourselves about me. I can take care of myself every time," replied the courageous boy, stoutly.

"I know you're strong and brave, Jack," continued Aunt Sue, "but you must be on your guard that some one does not strike you a foul blow in the dark."

"I'll look out for that, too. I'll run around to Bertha's first and see whether she has got home yet."

With those words, Jack clapped his hat on again, and started for the Garland cottage, about a third of a mile distant and away from the mill.

Mrs. Garland came to the door.

"Is Bertha home?" he asked, eagerly.

"Why no," replied Mrs. Garland, "she went to mill to meet you. Haven't you seen her?"

"No. I was called home on a hurry message that proved to be false. When did Bertha leave for the mill?"

"About an hour ago."

Jack, not a little worried over the situation, and anxious for Bertha's safety, started hurriedly up the road for the cotton mill.

CHAPTER XIV.—Bertha Garland at Bay.

No sooner had Jack departed from the mill office than the form of a young man stepped out into the road from behind a board fence opposite. He had the face and figure of Morris Dean.

"You're all right, Pixy," he said, clapping the boy on the shoulder. "You managed that fine. Now I'm going into the office," and he took a small jimmy from his pocket and walked up to the door.

"Oh, I say, you're not going to break into the safe again, are you?" asked the boy, nervously.

"Never you mind, Pixy. You do what I tell you and no harm will come to you. I'm going to light up just as if Jack Clyde was still here. When that Bertha Garland comes along, just tell her Jack is doing something on the first floor of the mill, and that he said she was to come in there, see?"

"I see," replied the boy, with a grin. "How about the watchman?"

"I fixed him an hour ago."

"What did you do to him?"

"When I got in the yard I hunted up his supper pail, and there I found, as I expected, his bottle of cold coffee. I dosed it good and strong. He always takes a drink of it every hour, and I waited around till he came up and took a drink. It knocked him silly in about one minute. He wouldn't wake up now if the mill fell in on top of him."

The boy smiled all over his freckled face. By this time Morris Dean had effected an entrance into the office and had relighted the lamps.

"Now, Pixy, as soon as the girl goes through that door into the mill itself, just you lock it.

You see the key is in the lock. Then turn out all the lamps and skidoo. Your work will be over."

"All right. Where's the money you promised?"

"There you are," and Morris handed him a bill, which the boy looked at eagerly and then stowed away in his pocket.

"Now," said Morris to Pixy, "go out in the road and wait. As soon as you see Bertha Garland coming, whistle, so I'll have time to hide myself in the mill."

"All right," grinned the boy, going outside.

In about five minutes Bertha came tripping down the road. Pixy saw her and gave the whistle agreed on. Flora Watson saw her, too, and her thin red lips closed tightly while her eyes flashed fire.

"So," she hissed, vindictively, "that hussy has actually come to the mill to meet Morris, has she? I'll fix her! She shall never have him. Never! Never! Never!"

The furious girl stamped her foot on the ground and glared balefully at the little beauty whom she supposed to be her successful rival, but who, all unconscious of her danger, was walking into the snare spread for her by Morris Dean.

"You're Bertha Garland, aren't you?" asked Pixy, when she came up.

"Yes," she answered, in some surprise at his greeting.

"Jack Clyde told me to watch for you out here, and when you came along I was to tell you he's in the mill, on the first floor, doin' somethin', and that he wants you to come in there."

"Thank you," replied the unsuspecting girl, walking into the office.

As soon as she passed through Pixy whistled again, closed the door and softly locked it. Then he proceeded to put out the lamps. As soon as the office was dark he stepped out into the road, closed the door behind him, and started for the town proper. Hardly had he disappeared than Flora Watson darted across the road, tried the door, and finding that it was not locked, entered the office. She listened intently.

"They must be in the mill," she muttered, feeling her way toward the door which Pixy had locked.

She found it fast, of course, but she felt the key in the lock and she quietly turned it and let herself into the entry between the office and the mill. In the meantime Bertha Garland passed across the entry and into the first floor of the mill. There was a room on one side where packets of cotton were temporarily stored. A light shone through the partly open doorway. As the rest of the mill was dark she surmised that Jack was in this room. She crossed quickly to the door and entered. One of the standard oil lamps stood on a small table, but there was no one in the room.

"Jack," she said, "where are you?"

"Here I am," replied a voice not at all like Jack's.

She turned around in surprise, and there, framed in the doorway, stood the last person she expected to see—Morris Dean.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he asked, with a slight grin, pulling the door to and turning the key in the lock.

"What are you doing here?" she inquired as soon as her surprise would permit her to speak.

"What am I doing here? Oh, I came here to see you," he replied.

"To see me?" she cried, wonderingly.

"Yes. I am going to leave town right away, for," with a wicked laugh, "it isn't healthy for me to stay in Northbridge much longer."

"I have nothing to do with your going or staying, Morris Dean," she replied, impatiently. "I came here to see Jack Clyde. Where is he?"

"He is not in the building," laughed Morris, maliciously.

"Not — in — the — building!" gasped Bertha. "Why, that boy said——"

"He said what I told him to say—that Jack Clyde was in here, but he isn't. That was only a ruse on my part to get you in here where I could talk to you alone."

"Are you mad, Morris Dean?" exclaimed the girl, desperately.

"Not that I'm aware of," he replied, coolly. "I want you to understand that you are in my power. I knew you were coming here to-night to meet Jack Clyde. I determined that you should not—that I would meet you instead. I sent a fake message to Jack, while he was in the office, by that boy you spoke to outside. I said his crippled sister was desperately ill. I knew that would fetch him. It did for he started hot foot for his home. That put the game in my hands, see?"

"You coward!" cried the mill girl, in contemptuous anger.

"It doesn't matter what I am. I love you and I'm going to have you go with me to-night, by fair means or foul. Understand me? I am going to leave Northbridge to-night, and you are going with me. Now will you go voluntarily?"

"No!" she answered, as sharp as a pistol shot.

"Then I shall make you," he said, rushing forward to seize her in his arms.

For a moment Bertha was panic-stricken, but the next her eyes fell on a bar of steel standing against the wall. She snatched it up and held it aloft, threateningly.

"Stand back!" she cried. "If you dare come a foot nearer to me I'll kill you!"

She faced him defiantly, with panting breast and flashing eye, like a hunted animal at bay. It was evident she was full of fight from her feet up.

CHAPTER XV.—Nemesis.

Morris Dean quailed before the dangerous light which flashed from the girl's eyes, and for a moment he hesitated.

Then he darted forward, and, with a quick, cunning movement, wrested the bar from Bertha's hand and tossed it to the other end of the room.

"Now," he said, triumphantly, "what can you do?"

She made no reply, but drawing back faced him as dauntlessly as ever.

"You're a spunky little thing, aren't you?" he said, sneeringly. "But it won't do you any good. I am boss of this ranch now, and you've got to knuckle to me. You have got to go away with me to-night, whether you like it or not."

"I don't see how you're going to make me do it," she replied, scornfully.

"Don't you? Look here."

He drew from an inside pocket a small bottle and a handkerchief.

"This is chloroform. A few drops on this handkerchief pressed against your mouth and nostrils will quiet you for hours. When you wake up you'll be miles from Northbridge."

A shudder of horror went through Bertha's body. Was there no way of escape for her? She ran her eye quickly but stealthily over the door behind Morris—the only exit from the room. She remembered now he had locked it on entering, but the key was in the lock. If she could only reach that door a moment ahead of him—but how could she do it? He himself removed part of the difficulty. He stepped to the table where the lamp stood, removed the cork from the bottle and coolly proceeded to wet the handkerchief with the chloroform. The crisis was at hand. She must do something now if ever. Suddenly a plan, fully formed, rushed into her mind. Close behind her were several packets of cotton and near it a large bundle of waste.

She seized two large handfuls of the waste, and, darting behind the table, heaped them on the lamp, which lighted the room, thus shattering the globe and extinguishing the light. Morris was taken completely by surprise. While he stood irresolutely by the table she grabbed a couple of packets of cotton and threw them against the further wall, so as to make Morris think she had run there to hide. The ruse was successful.

"You little vixen!" he cried, "you shan't escape me that way."

He rushed at the spot he supposed she was crouching in. She took instant advantage of his move on his part to dash for the door. Morris saw at the same moment that he had been deceived and he started after her. She turned the key and flung the door wide open. Just as she was rushing out of the room she felt his arm on her shoulder. But she managed to elude him and fled down the long room filled with spinning machines. He tripped over something and measured his length on the floor. With a slight exclamation of pain he picked himself up and was after her. Bertha aimed to reach one of the windows at the extreme end of the room which overlooked the yard.

She intended to throw up the sash and scream for the watchman, not dreaming that the man was lying senseless in a shed near by. It was a brilliant night, and the rays of the full moon flooded through the many windows of the place, bathing the whole in a gleaming white light. But this light made her flying figure perfectly clear to Morris, and enabled him to avoid contact with the machinery that might otherwise have confused him.

And while this mad race was in progress, another figure, that of Flora Watson, who had been crouching and listening at the door of the small room during that momentous interview between Bertha and Morris, followed them quickly by another path close to one of the walls.

All the tiger in her nature was now aroused. Her eyes had at last been opened to the fact that Bertha Garland did not care the least bit for Morris Dean—that she was doing her best to escape

from his undesirable attentions—and the jealousy she had so long felt against the girl dropped away from her like a garment cast aside. In place of it was substituted a feeling of ungovernable rage against Morris Dean. He had promised to take her with him when he left Northbridge, and now here he was trying to carry away another in her place.

The love she had felt for him seemed suddenly turned to bitter hate, and her outraged soul cried aloud for revenge. As she followed the young man and the girl he was fast overtaking, she clutched in her right hand a bottle which she had snatched from a shelf in the dark factory.

"You cannot escape me!" cried Morris, reaching forward and seizing Bertha by the arm before she could gain the coveted window.

The girl uttered a piercing scream that echoed through the big room like the wail of a lost soul.

"Scream as much as you want, you little vixen, there's no one to hear you," said Morris, gleefully. "I've got you now and you shall not again escape me."

But there was lots of fight left in Bertha yet. She was strong, too, and lithe as a panther for her age. She struck Morris full in the face with her fists, and he staggered back with a snarl of anger, only to recover in a moment and come for her again. Bertha tried to escape him by dodging around a machine. As she was light on her feet, she might have succeeded but she tripped in her haste and fell to the floor. Before she could rise he had his hand on her arm.

Then he seized her head, bent it back and taking the handkerchief saturated with chloroform from his pocket he tried to press it over her mouth and nostrils. Bertha recognizing its pungent aroma, fought desperately to keep his hand away. Standing over her, however, he had every advantage of the situation.

"Do you mean to murder me?" wailed the girl.

"No. I only want to quiet you, that's all," he replied, grimly.

"Have you no mercy, Morris Dean?"

"Not an ounce. You must go away with me to Boston to-night. I think more of you in one minute than any other girl in Northbridge in a year. Do you know that?"

Then came the sound of light feet moving rapidly across the room. A tall, lithe, girlish form sprang toward the struggling pair.

"You villain! You lying, perjured villain!" screamed Flora Watson passionately. "Is this your love for me? Take that!"

She raised her hand and dashed the bottle at Morris Dean's face. It broke on his cheek and scattered its contents over his countenance. He uttered a terrible cry, released Bertha and staggered back, tripping over the same obstacle which had downed the girl, and lay squirming in agony on the floor.

"Help! Help!" he shrieked. "I am burning alive! Help for heaven's sake!"

Bertha got on her feet, but so bewildered was she by the appearance of Flora Watson, whom she recognized, as well as by the agonizing cries of the prostrate Morris, that instead of fleeing she remained rooted to the spot.

"It serves him right!" said Flora, coldly. "He deceived me, played with me, and I have revenged myself upon him."

"Great heavens, Flora!" exclaimed the frightened Bertha. "What have you done to him?"

The girl laughed an unpleasant, sardonical laugh.

"I haven't killed him, don't fear. He has only got what I meant for you."

"Meant for me?" gasped Bertha.

"Yes," cried Flora, fiercely, grasping her by the wrist. "For you, had you cared for him as I thought you did. I'd have spoiled your pretty face for you. I'd have made you so hideous that even Jack Clyde would have given you up. But I learned the truth in time. You have nothing now to fear from me—neither has Jack. Come, let us go from here."

"And leave him that way?" replied the sympathetic Bertha.

"Why not? What do you care? Was he not about to drug you a moment ago? Didn't I save you from that? An hour ago he was all the world to me," her voice broke in a dry sob; "but now," fiercely, "the dream is shattered and I hate him!"

She turned away, drawing Bertha with her. At that moment the rapid tread of a manly foot was heard on the floor and in another moment Jack Clyde confronted the two girls.

CHAPTER XVI.—Rising in the World.

"Bertha!" exclaimed Jack. "How came you in the mill?"

He flashed a suspicious glance at Flora, for he knew the girls were not friends.

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" cried Bertha, running to him and sobbing on his shoulder. "I've—I've had such a narrow escape."

"From what, Bertha?" he asked, putting his arm about her, reassuringly.

"From Morris Dean."

"Morris Dean!" ejaculated the boy, looking around. "Where is he?"

"Behind that machine," she pointed, shudderingly. Jack now noticed the plaintive cries of the young ex-clerk, and he walked to the spot where he lay and looked down at him in astonishment.

"What is the matter with him? He seems to be in great pain."

"Ask Flora," returned Bertha. "She knows best."

"Well," said Jack, turning on the handsome brunette, "what is the matter with him?"

"I injured him," she answered, doggedly. "I flung a bottle and it hit him."

"Injured him!" exclaimed Jack, somewhat puzzled.

"Yes, I threw a bottle which I just picked from a shelf in the dark."

"Great Scott! You never did that!" cried Jack, aghast.

"I did, and I'm glad of it. I'm ready to go to jail, but I have had the satisfaction of getting square with him."

"What did he do to you?"

"No matter what he did," replied Flora, bluntly. "He did enough to deserve all he got. He

deceived me into believing that he cared for me—that's what he did if you want to know."

Jack knelt over the suffering youth. He saw he could do nothing to relieve Dean's pain. The only thing he could do was to lift him in his arms and drag him out into the office, where he telephoned for a physician, explaining what had happened to Morris Dean, and begging him to hasten to the mill office to relieve his agony. While waiting for the doctor to come, Jack listened to Bertha's recital of what she had gone through from the moment she had fallen into the trap set for her by Morris.

As for Flora, she walked away from the place, calm and defiant, and Jack made no effort to detain her. The physician brought remedies with him that partially eased Dean's sufferings. The bottle had contained an acid, which burnt the boy's skin. He and Jack, accompanied by Bertha, then assisted Morris to his home.

"I feel sorry for him," said Jack, as he and Bertha walked home in the moonlight, "but still if it hadn't been for Flora's action he would probably have succeeded in drugging you before I reached the mill, though I don't see how he expected to carry you away."

This part of Dean's scheme was explained next morning when a horse and buggy was found standing a short distance from the mill. A stable keeper recognized the rig as one he had rented to Morris Dean.

Jack and Bertha expected that Flora Watson would be arrested next day. Nothing of the kind occurred, as Morris refused to explain how he had come by the burns, except that he intimated it was an accident. In fact, Flora did not know what was in the bottle. His face was badly disfigured. This misfortune prevented him from making his escape from the trial, which came on a week afterward.

Considerable pressure was brought to bear on Jack, especially to induce him to make his evidence against Morris as favorable to that youth as possible. He consented to this, and in pursuance thereof when he went on the stand he put strong stress on the interview between Morris and Nelson Spavinger he had overheard in the old shanty on the Northbridge road that rainy night. He showed that the sport had clearly victimized the ex-clerk, and then hounded him into doing some desperate act to save the knowledge of his foolishness reaching his father's ears.

Morris, in his own defence, corroborated Jack's words, and swore he was in the act of closing the safe after taking the single package of \$100, when the mill boy trapped him. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, coupled with a recommendation to the mercy of the Court. The prosecutor, in view of the facts that had been brought out during the trial, and out of consideration for the prisoner's youthfulness, and his respectable connections, put a plea before the judge in his favor. The result was that the judge, after several days' delay, suspended sentence, and Morris was allowed to go free.

The penalty hung over his head, however, like the Sword of Damocles in the fable, as a warning to him for the future, for should he ever be convicted of another serious charge it would go especially hard with him, as the suspended sentence would, in that case, become operative, in addition to the second punishment.

Nelson Spavinger was tried for his connection with the affair, was convicted by Morris Dean's testimony, and was sentenced for one year in prison. Shortly after Dean's trial, Bertha Garland had an interview with Manager Burnside, and succeeded in getting Flora Watson back in the mill, for which favor Flora expressed her gratitude to Bertha, and even after maintained a friendly attitude toward her.

A few weeks later David Jobkins and Peter Jackson were arrested in Chicago on the ordinary charge of "drunk and disorderly."

At the most their sentence was ten days in the city jail. Unfortunately for them, however, they were identified in court by a visitor from Northbridge who had come west on business. He notified the police authorities that the men were wanted in Northbridge on a very serious charge, and he also telegraphed the facts to the town police. Extradition papers were secured and two officers were sent to Chicago to bring them East as soon as their ten days' detention had expired. They were duly tried, convicted on the evidence given by Bertha and Jack Clyde, and sentenced to a ten-year term in the penitentiary.

On the first of the year Jack, having given such evidence of proficiency in his minor clerkship, was promoted to a higher position in the office. He was in high feather, as the saying is, with the company and management, and his future seemed to be assured. During the spring of the following year he purchased, through his aunt, a new business building on Main Street, on which he paid \$9,000 cash and gave a mortgage for \$7,000. The property was easily worth \$20,000, but Jack got it at a fair bargain because of business reverses to the owner.

Two years afterward, just before he married Bertha Garland, he sold the property for \$25,000, making a clear profit on it of \$9,000, besides a certain profit on his rentals. At any rate, when Jack was married his capital had increased to nearly \$30,000, all but the \$6,000 he had received from the mill company having been accumulated through clever real estate deals. He had also been advanced to the post of cashier in the mill office.

Of course, after her marriage, Bertha did not work in the mill any more. She became the proud mistress of a brand new house that Jack built for her. At her husband's desire, Aunt Sue and his sister Gertie came to live with them, and no family jars ever disturbed the happiness of the Clyde home.

Soon after little Jack, Jr., was born to complete the joy of the young couple, Mr. Burnside resigned his position as manager of the mill. At a special meeting of the directors of the company, Jack, much to his surprise, was offered the post with an expression of confidence in his ability to fill it. Of course he accepted it, for he knew he was quite capable of running the mill as it ought to be run. His wife and his friends, too, were proud of his success, for had not he in a few years risen from Factory Boy to Manager?

Next week's issue will contain "FROM DARK TO DAWN; or, A POOR BOY'S CHANCE."

CURRENT NEWS

ROSES ON APPLE TREE.

White roses on a crab apple tree is a freak of nature at the home of Miss Annie Rems, near Allentown, Pa. Large branches, all laden with double white roses, are growing from the branches of the tree.

OCEAN GOLD SCARCE

Many attempts have been made to extract gold from the ocean, but so far the operations have cost more than the ultimate product is worth.

It is estimated that a barrel of salt water contains only a few cents' worth of gold.

Certain English chemists assert that the quantity of gold in sea water has been reduced in late years by the action of the sun spots from one grain to one-thousandth part of a grain per ton of water.

LONG BOATS MADE OF LOGS

The hadji picked out the boats I was to take for a river trip in Sumatra. The one in which I was to travel was fully 40 feet long and the one that was to carry my supplies was 25 feet

long. The supply boat was capable of carrying a ton and a half.

"They had been made by the hollowing out of huge logs and they had been very carefully thinned down and were shaped not unlike great canoes.

"No particular knowledge of the river was necessary for steering. The stream was deep enough everywhere for our boats, which drew little more than a foot and a half of water. In the ordinary current the four oarsmen with their wide paddles could propel their boat at a good speed and where the current was strong they laid these aside and used poles.

"Two men started at the bow, and, planting their bamboo poles firmly on the bottom of the river, they pressed their shoulders against the ends of them and walked toward the stern on the upper edges of the hollowed log, which was about six inches wide. When they reached the point where they no longer had a purchase, a second pair stood ready to take up the work at the bow so that there was never a moment of drifting back."

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"CHANCE," by Dorothy Shea

"ON THE TRAIL OF DOPE," by Leslie Barreaux

Besides all these it contains an interesting article by TOM FOX (Scotland Yard Detective), called "Bogus Money," and a large collection of shorter items that will please you.

GET A COPY TODAY AND SEE HOW GOOD THIS MAGAZINE IS

Rob and the Reporters

— Or, —

Hustling for War News by Wireless

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued).

"Rob Randall," replied our hero sulkily.

"Were you a wireless operator at one of the Newfoundland stations?"

"Yes."

"Marconi's?"

"Yes."

"How long did you serve?"

"Over two years. But say, you're asking me a lot of questions. What about yourselves?"

"Shall I tell him, Jack?" asked the man.

"I think you may as well," replied the chauffeur. "We've captured him and he won't get away from us—that's what."

"Well, then, we're a bunch of English reporters, acting as war correspondents," said the man, "or rather trying to be. We were chased from the front and narrowly escaped arrest. We've got a secret wireless station back here but not one of us understands the game. You're just the man we want."

"How did you get hold of the station?" asked Rob, beginning to feel interested in spite of himself.

"Built it," was the reply. "We got a fellow from Ghent to do the work and he was going to act as operator, but he got cold feet and gave us the slip in the night. That was yesterday. We ran up to Ghent hoping to find him, but failed. We couldn't find any one else, either; so you see, Rob, what a godsend it was when we bunked into you."

"Hard lines for me, just the same. As it happens, I'm a war correspondent, too. I represent the New York Earth."

"Then so much the better. What's the matter with joining hands with us?"

"I have other plans. I was heading for the front when we broke down."

"Where on the front?"

"General Taylor's corps."

"Shucks! You'd only have been arrested. It was General Taylor who made us beat it."

"Just the same, I'd have got there."

"Oh, that's all in your mind, boy. You couldn't hope to succeed where I failed. I'm Bert Brown, of the London Times. I hit Taylor armed with all sorts of influence. Nothing doing. This fellow next to me is Ned Dewey, of the pink-up. The fellow on the outside in front is Bill Jones of the Argus. Jack Thompson of the Telegram is driving the car. Now you are introduced and knew just what sort of a bunch you've struck. You are going with us, kid, and we shall take precious good care you don't give us the slip."

"I see I've been fooled all right," said Rob. "You fellows never would have shot me."

"Don't be too sure of that," retorted Brown. "We are not over here in Belgium to be skunked—not if we know it."

They ran on, taking the first crossroad to the left, which led them still further into the forest.

Suddenly Thompson swung into an ill-defined wood road which, followed perhaps half a mile, ended at a clearing where there was a hill rising a little higher than the treetops, on the summit of which was an old stone tower.

The moon had now risen and Rob could see wireless apparatus on top of the tower.

"Here we are," said Thompson, "and here we proposed to stay until we get chased, which I suppose is bound to happen sooner or later. Meanwhile we shall continue to hustle for news by wireless."

CHAPTER XII.

Trapped.

Rob had been doing a lot of heavy thinking during the ride and had decided that whatever the outcome of his capture might be it was sure to pay him best to make himself as agreeable as possible.

"How did you ever come to strike this place?" he asked.

"Through Le Clare, the fellow who installed the plant," was the reply.

"You're lucky not to have lost your car. Mine was commandeered by the Germans."

"So you've been up against them? What fight?"

"Don't know. It was only a skirmish. Myself and partner were both wounded. But the car?"

"Oh, we have a special permit from the king to hold ours. Come ahead. We are all of us fagged out. We shall take a cold bite and turn in. Won't attempt to do business until to-morrow."

Rob found the lower rooms of the tower rudely furnished.

He now sat down with the reporters to a simple spread of cold ham and crackers, after which he lay down on a mattress with Brown and was soon asleep despite of the anxious thoughts of Edith, which still passed through his brain.

All hands were up at daybreak and Rob, after inspecting the apparatus, took his place at the receiver.

"I shall expect you to teach me to work the rifle," said Jack Thompson. "Anything coming across?"

"London is calling."

"So? Who?"

"You. Keep still a minute. It's some one on the Telegram. Wants to locate you, if possible. I'm answering."

"All right. Say I'm right on the job, but not at the front."

"What are you doing now?" asked Brown as Rob began sending.

"Sending."

"What?"

"A message of my own to the Earth in hopes it will be caught at Bayville, Long Island, the station where I worked last."

(To be continued.)

GOOD READING

HOME BREWING IS ANCIENT

"Brewing your own" in Bavaria, famous for its beers, was started 900 years ago this summer, according to the best information that has been handed down from generation to generation, and plans have been inaugurated to celebrate the event in some fitting manner within the next few months.

The first two hop vines are said to have been brought to this section of the country by monks, who soon after began brewing their own beer, but where they got the vines history does not tell.

Hop gardens existed in parts of France and Germany in the eighth and ninth centuries, but it was not until the seventeenth century that hop cultivation and beer drinking became popular in Continental Europe.

FIRST MODERN BICYCLE MADE 108 YEARS AGO

Several crude bicycles were made in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but the direct progenitor of the modern bicycle is supposed to be one made in 1816 by Baron Karl von Drais and used in performing his duties as chief forester to the Duke of Baden.

The machine, which was called the "draisine," and which was patented in France, consisted of two wheels of equal size connected by a perch on which the rider sat. It was guided with a bar attached to the front wheel and was propelled by the rider striking his feet against the ground.

A monument has been erected in memory of the "Father of the Bicycle," over Drais's grave at Karlsruhe, in Baden.

Until 1870 all of these machines were called velocipedes, meaning literally "swift foot." "Bicycle" come from the two Greek words signifying "two wheels."

A STUPENDOUS DAM

The world's largest dam, the central unit in an irrigation scheme so vast in its conception as to make even Americans, who are accustomed to gigantic irrigation and engineering projects, marvel at its immensity, is being built on the Indus River in India. American Government irrigation works in Western States, such as the Roosevelt dam, seem small in comparison to the Indus River project near Cukkar, in the province of Sind.

The Indus dam, which will be known as the Lloyd barrage, in honor of Sir. George Lloyd, Governor of Bombay, will be nearly a mile long. Two bridges will be built upon it, one at a low level slightly above the alignment of the river banks and the other at a high level. The railings of the high level bridge will be 770 feet above the foundations, or as high as the tower of the Woolworth Building in New York. The foundation stone of the dam was laid on October 24, 1923, and 20,000 workers are employed, but the project will not be completed, even under favorable working conditions, until June, 1930.

Then the work of regulating and conserving the flow of the Indus by means of sixty-six massive steel gates, each weighing fifty tons, will be possible. While the dam is being built another army of workers is busy constructing a gigantic network of canals which will carry water over an area almost as great as England.

Immediately above the dam seven canals will carry the silt laden waters of the Indus over wide areas of the province of Sind. The Rohri Canal will be 205 miles long, with 2,300 miles of branches. The central rice canal, eighty-seven miles long, will irrigate 500,000 acres of the finest rice growing land in India. Similar waterways will radiate in all directions from the central reservoir. Three of these canals will be wider than the Suez Canal.

When the Lloyd barrage is finally completed, the Province of Sind, through which the lower Indus flows, is expected to share the prosperity of the Punjab, which is due mainly to the successful irrigation of the upper reaches of the river. Vast areas of arid desert land will become rich fields of rice, cotton and wheat; there will be large movements of natives from the densely populated districts of India, and the sparsely inhabited banks for 300 miles along the lower course of the Indus form another great granary for India and the British Empire.

The whole scheme is being financed by the Government of Bombay, the estimates calling for \$60,000,000.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS AND HINTS

LEAKS SPOIL DRY CELL

When dry cell "A" batteries show a crust of salt on the covering, they are no longer fit for use because the zinc container has been punctured and the electrolyte has "boiled," due to a short circuit.

WATCH TRANSFORMER TOPS

If your audio or radio frequency transformers have metal tops on them, be very careful that the connection wires to the binding post do not touch them. The wiring of most amplifiers is usually such that the "B" battery can be completely ruined if a short circuit occurs.

USE NAILS TO HOLD PANEL

To hold a bakelite panel in place while grain-ing, simply drive small brads through a few of the holes and sank the head below the level of the panel. After the work has been finished the nails are easily withdrawn from the table with the aid of a pair of pliers.

Don't attempt to find out what is inside your telephone receivers. Many poor results can be traced directly to the fact that the individual was too inquisitive and opened the receivers by unscrewing the caps. In doing so you may bend the diaphragms and thereby spoil the operation of the phones. The diaphragms are made of very thin metal and are easily bent if handled.

SERIES-PARALLEL HOOKUP

Placing a condenser in series with your aerial or ground will materially reduce the wave length of your receiving set. If you cannot reach the higher waves on your set this may be the cause. Place the condenser so that one side is connected to the aerial and the other to the ground. This is a parallel connection and will raise the wave length range of the set.

FLEXIBLE LEADS FOR ROTORS

Variometer, variocouplers and other radio units that depend on the bearings alone to make contact from the moving to the stationary part are generally subject to trouble. The bearing is either too light to allow the rotor to turn readily or too loose to make good electrical contact. It is always good policy to put stops on the coil and make use of flexible "pigtail" connections to rotor winding. This will assure a positive electrical connection between the two elements and eliminate a great deal of noise from your set.

A FEW TIPS ON SOLDERING

Two pieces of metal cannot be soldered together unless their surfaces are clean, and after they are cleaned they must be heated. When the metal is heated, however, it may quickly oxidize and prevent the solder sticking to it. In order to further the union of the metals and to destroy the film of oxide that forms when the metals are heated, it is necessary to use some sort of binder

or flux. Rosin is best suited for soldering in radio work.

When the heat is applied to the joint the rosin runs all over the joint and prevent further oxidation by the heat and air until the hot solder has a chance to get at the cleaned surface. The solder then flows over the clean surfaces and sticks to them firmly, holding the metals together.

STATIC PHENOMENON

At this time of the year when static interference becomes the rule rather than the exception there is ample opportunity of becoming familiar with this phenomenon. To the careful observer it must be apparent that static interference increases with the reaching out for distant stations, as a general rule. However, static interference also seems to differ with the direction of the incoming signal. Still further observation will disclose the fact that static is by no means limited to local conditions. Thus a weak transmitter in the immediate locality may be intercepted without static, while a more powerful transmitter at some distance away will be intercepted with considerable static disturbance, although the intercepted signal strength may be the same for both transmitters. It is held by some radio authorities that the radio waves carry the static disturbances along with them. Whatever the cause may be, it is a fact that static hangs on to some waves better than it does on others.

TUBES REQUIRE PROPER VOLTAGE

Vacuum tubes are the most sensitive of radio instruments and will be comparatively short lived if used carelessly. Improper filament temperatures, excessive plate voltages and sudden shocks will tend to shorten the life of the tube.

The average vacuum tube of good make has a normal operating life of 1,000 hours. This means that if the correct temperature is maintained on the filament the tube will give its normal life. This tube life varies with conditions that are imposed on it.

Many radio fans burn their filaments at a temperature higher than normal, thinking that in this way they increase the strength of the incoming signals.

This does not hold true for properly designed vacuum tubes. Any increase of current beyond a certain point will not give better signals, but will tend to reduce the life of the filament in the tube.

If the filament emission is double the operating life will be practically reduced to that of one-fourth.

Do not use too high a plate voltage, as this puts an extra strain on the tube, which is not helpful in any way. You can readily ascertain the correct voltage for the plate of the detector tube.

Experience will enable a person to determine the proper brilliancy. If desired an ammeter can be used to determine the amount of filament current flowing through the tube.

These values are usually printed on sheets of paper that accompany the tube in the box.

A 6000 MILE RADIO BEAM

Marconi has succeeded in establishing communication between London and Buenos Aires by means of his new directional beam radio system, according to a news dispatch from England. The test follows a long series of experiments using low power and extremely short waves, which are radiated in one direction, like a beam of light, thereby effecting saving in power and eliminating interference troubles.

Under the present system of commercial radio communication the waves are radiated in all directions, and point to point communication is accomplished at a loss of energy which is carried to other points not required in the service.

In broadcasting, the system could be applied successfully to stations serving receiving sets in a certain directional line. Instead of using transmitting power of a kilowatt or more, a broadcasting station could operate efficiently on less than a fiftieth of a kilowatt, provided it was to provide entertainment for specified zones only. This system might be more properly called narrowcasting or beamcasting, because of the restricted area of its influence.

The new radio beam can be turned to any direction, like the beam of a searchlight, and programs could be directed to any section of the country at will. Because of the high frequency currents used, many stations could operate their beams in the same direction at only a few meters difference in wave length without causing interference.

Loop aeriols are necessary to receive the beam wave to the best advantage because of their directional properties. In this way programs from hundreds of stations could be received without interference by turning the loop to the required direction. Many stations could operate on the same wave length without causing distortion in the receiver, even from local transmitters.

GRID LEAK

The Grid Leak is of far greater importance in receiving efficiency than is generally realized. The volume obtained from any receiver depends on the grid current and directly on the plate current. An important factor which determines the grid current is the number of negative electrons which are attracted to the grid from the filament. The negative charges on the grid sometimes reach a point where they practically stop the flow of plate current. The grid current piles them up. Unless a good grid leak is in use the tube will become choked up and will not operate. If the grid leak is of the incorrect size, the tube will only partially operate. According to Ernest W. Sawyer, a radio engineer, each type of vacuum tube creates new conditions. The UV-199 provides a high emission at low filament temperatures. The UV1201-A averages five times the emission of the ordinary amplifying tube. The emission or flow of electrons varies with the current and voltage being used. In other words, every time the "A" or "B" voltage is varied, the grid leak should be varied. It appears that for maximum efficiency the grid leak resistance should be as follows: For WD-11 and WD-12, 2 to 3 megohms. UV-200, $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 megohms. UV-201-A, 2 to 9 megohms. UV-199, 2 to 9 megohms. A grid leak resistance between 2 and 5 megohms is satisfactory for average work. A resistance between

5 and 9 megohms is somewhat better for weak signals. At first thought it would seem advisable to provide all sets with a variable grid leak, but the public generally prefers to have less adjustments; hence the next best thing is to adopt for each type of set that fixed grid leak which gives best average results on local stations.

UNDAMPED SIGNALS

For the satisfactory reception of undamped signals such as emitted by a continuous wave radio telegraph station, it is necessary to generate locally in the receiving system itself a radio frequency current of slightly different frequency from the incoming frequency. That is, the local frequency should differ from the frequency of the incoming signal by an amount which is an audible frequency.

The combination of the radio frequency currents produces beats at a frequency which is the same as the difference in frequency between them. There are several ways in which the radio frequency current may be generated locally at the receiving station. If the coupling of the ordinary regenerating receiver is continuously increased a point is reached where the circuit starts to oscillate, and by properly adjusting the circuits audible beats may be produced on the heterodyne principle. This is probably the most common method of utilizing the heterodyne principle for the reception of continuous wave signals.

Another method is to use an arc circuit or a small high frequency alternator coupled to the standard non-regenerative receiver. Neither of these methods are very desirable, the arc, because it introduces too many extraneous noises by its unsteadiness, and the alternator because of the difficulty of maintaining a constant speed at any particular adjustment. There remains then the vacuum tube as a separate oscillator and generator of continuous wave of adjustable frequency.

There is a form of oscillator circuit which may become inductively coupled to the standard non-regenerative receiving system in which audible beats are produced on application of the heterodyne principle. The inductance coil is a coupling coil for coupling the oscillator circuit to the receiving system. There may be the stator and rotor winding of a variometer with the filaments connected at the common point of these two windings. The wave length, or more strictly the frequency of the oscillations generated, may be changed by varying the mutual inductance of the variometer winding, and the capacity of the condenser.

For use on long wave length good results may be obtained by mounting the condenser on the same shaft as the variometer rotor so that a single knob controls both. But for the shorter wave lengths it is better to have a separate control for the condenser capacity. The circuit will function without the use of a grid condenser and grid leak, but better results are generally obtained by the employment of these elements.

The external heterodyne requires one more tube for its operation than the regular regenerative receiving set, but more uniform results are usually obtained by its use in the reception of continuous wave telegraph signals.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15, 1924

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

THE SMALLEST STATION

Ira, N. Y., can boast the smallest electric generating station, with the smallest constituency served thereby, of which there is any record. The total consumers comprise a store, a barn, an office building, two garages, the post-office and four street lamps.

DOGS AS RESCUERS

Mrs. Ruby Pettis, who lives on a ranch near The Dalles, Ore., was pinned under a heavy wagon which turned over when she was on her way to town. Her two dogs, Jacks and Pup, immediately dug a hole under her head and body, thus enabling her to breathe and saving her life. She was unable to extricate herself and was not rescued for fifteen hours, when a neighboring rancher came along.

CAR CATCHES A SNAKE

A six-foot blacksnake was found by George Mason, Road Engineer for Passaic County, N. J., just outside Paterson the other day. It had a girth of a man's fist. And it came already cooked for the table.

Mason was driving over Snake's Hill, so named not because it is infested with reptiles but because of a serpentine twining of the road. He smelled something burning and stopped his car to investigate. He found the snake coiled around the exhaust and nicely roasted.

Mason believes he ran over the snake and it was thrown up by a wheel and entangled.

TWO BAD WOLVES KILLED

Two notorious wolves have been destroyed recently by Federal-State hunters. In Montana a big female wolf, known as "Two Toes," was killed by J. J. Williams after being trailed through ten feet of snow. Ranging over a territory of 300 square miles, "Two Toes" had killed thousands of dollars worth of cattle in the past two years. In 1923 she made her biggest known kill—twenty calves on two ranches—in one week. Her den was dug out and ten wolf cubs were

taken alive and destroyed. The death of "Two Toes" marks the end of a long list of killings in the Highwood Mountains.

In Taney County, Mo., a destructive old black wolf, locally called "The Old Black Devil," was captured in April. For years past this animal had been a terror to the farmers of this county and of Boone County, Ark. He was caught last year in Boone County but escaped, leaving a toe in the trap. Caught later near Omaha, Ark., he again got away. During the past winter he was caught twice by W. S. Beesley, of the United States Department of Agriculture, escaping each time, but the third time, in April, was fatal for him.

Mr. Williams is employed in co-operation work between the Biological Survey and the Mountain State Fish and Game Commission, while Mr. Beesley is similarly engaged with the Biological Survey and the Missouri State Board of Agriculture.

LAUGHS

Closefist—No, sir; I respond only to the appeals of the deserving poor. Openhand—Who are the deserving poor? Closefist—Those who never ask for assistance.

"I'll teach you how to tear you pants!" said the irate parent, swinging a strap; "I'll teach you." "Don't hit me, pa; I know how already. Just look at 'em!"

Father (angrily)—If my son marries that actress, I shall cut him off absolutely, and you can tell him so. Legal Advisor—I know a better plan than that—tell the girl.

Boy—Come quick. There's a man been fighting my father mor'n a half hour. Policeman—Why didn't you tell me before? Boy—'Cause father was getting the best of it till a few minutes ago!"

"Judge," said the guilty man, "I inherit the felonious habit. I can't resist it. My father was a grafter and my mother a photographer. I can't help taking things." "Then take seven years at hard labor," said the judge kindly.

A colored man recently announced a change in his business as follows: "Notice—De co-partnership heretofore resisting between me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose."

"These kids I teach aren't a bit slow," observed a school teacher recently. "In fact, I'm afraid they read the papers. The other day I proposed the following problem to my arithmetic class: 'A rich man dies and leaves \$1,000,000. One-fifth is to go to his wife, one-sixth to his son, one-seventh to his daughter, one-eighth to his brother, and the rest to foreign missions. What does each get?' " "A lawyer," said the littlest boy in the class, promptly.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

NOVEL MEDICAL RECORD

When the cornerstone of a new hospital now being erected in New York has been set in place, a complete record of modern medicine will be placed in the block for posterity. Molded in the block will be a reel of motion picture film showing doctors performing operations of this period. There will also be a complete set of glass stained specimens of all known disease-producing bacteria, and ready for scrutiny under the microscope 100 years from now; a collection of drugs regarded as specific cures for diseases and a record of those diseases now regarded as incurable.

FIRST UMBRELLA USED IN BALTIMORE

The first European umbrella was practically an article of household furniture. It weighed three to five pounds, its ribs were first made of metal tubes or whalebone, with its stick as heavy as a small tree, and its covering made of leather or certain heavy oiled cloths.

The European improved on it so it could be folded up, and around 1640 it began to be beautified with handles of precious woods. It was gradually lightened, its covering made of linen, oiled silk or varnished paper. Its first American use was at Baltimore in 1750.

American ingenuity has devised the lightest and most durable umbrella in the world. But for all the effort of American ingenuity the industry could not manufacture a single umbrella but for the manganese imported from Brazil and British India that goes into its steel ribs, or the silk which is mixed with cotton to make the covering, or the malacca, bamboo, mahogany or other imported woods used in the handles.

STRANGE RECOVERY OF SIGHT

What is believed to be the first recorded recovery from total blindness, which physicians do not believe is likely to be repeated, was reported at the Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn recently.

The man who was stricken is Victor Atwell, twenty-six, of No. 1070 Brooklyn avenue, a draftsman in the Pearl street offices of the Brooklyn Edison Company. Until Feb. 21 his sight was better than the average. On that day it began to fail and three days later he became totally blind.

Prior to the attack he suffered violent headaches. The family physician took him to a specialist, who sent him to the hospital.

There it was found that his pupils were insensitive to light, which conditions is generally considered evidence of permanent blindness. An operation to remove possible pressure from bones at the base of the nose had no result. The physician, however, continued treatment, although the case seemed hopeless.

Atwell's condition remained apparently unchanged until last month, when he reported that he could distinguish shadowy forms. Physicians were at a loss to explain the improvement, but

it continued until the other day, when Atwell could distinguish between persons standing in his room. He was allowed to leave his bed, and on going to a window could make out trees and buildings.

He now sees only out of the corners of his eyes, and it is necessary for him to roll his eyes about in examining objects. Physicians believe he will recover his sight completely within a few months. They believe, however, that in a few weeks he will be able to read newspapers.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND SERPENTS CROWDED IN TOWN

Noah and his ark had nothing on the little mountain town of Cottonwood, Cal., when it comes to number and varieties of animals on hand.

The foot-and-mouth disease which has raged in California for several months, but which now has been practically wiped out, has been a serious matter, but there has been some humor in the situation, at that—witness the present state of affairs at Cottonwood.

State and Federal guards are stationed at Cottonwood, near the Oregon border, to enforce quarantine regulations, which, among other things, forbid the transporting of animals and birds of any description into the state to the north. Tourists are halted by the score every day and those who are found to have their pet animals or birds with them are forced to leave them behind when crossing the state boundary.

Dogs, cats, canaries, parrots, chickens, goats, guinea pigs, monkeys, goldfish, horses, cows—even ostriches and a pet snake—all these have come under the quarantine ban. The result is Cottonwood's facilities for caring for animals and birds have become overtaxed.

Many of the tourists passing through are wealthy and many of the pets are valuable. Result: The youngsters of Cottonwood are reaping a rich harvest from the pocketbooks of travelers who hire them to care for their pets until they return for them or have them shipped.

Every yard in town, practically, is stocked with stranded birds and animals.

The other day one of twelve ostriches, being shipped East and held up by the authorities, escaped and ran amuck through the streets of the town. Two cowboys were hired to capture the wandering bird, which displayed at times a nasty temper. After considerable excitement, one of the "punchers" succeeded in lassoing the ostrich and he was returned to the yard in which his fellows were confined.

Two Eastern women tourists, crossing Nevada by automobile, were halted at the California line, in accordance with the rules, and were sent into one of several tents erected for occupancy of tourists while their clothing is disinfected.

While the guards at the disinfecting station were busy with the women's garments, the wind sweeping in off the desert lifted the tent from over the waiting tourists and left them screaming and marooned until the guards could obtain blankets for them.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

CLOCKS WITHOUT DIALS

As early as the twelfth century mechanical clocks were known in England and used in the churches, although strangely enough dials do not seem to have been introduced until some 200 years later, and as late as the seventeenth century many village churches were provided with clocks which had no face.

The methods used to sound the hour were frequently most ingenious. The hour and its divisions were frequently struck on the bell or bells by ingeniously devised automatic figures termed "jacks."

The great clock of Rye, the pendulum of which swings free in the church, was paid for by the church wardens in 1560-2, and is said to be the oldest English clock still doing its work.

THREATENS WEATHER MAN

Accused of threatening bodily harm to James H. Spencer, chief of the local Weather Bureau of Baltimore, Joseph L. Hebrank, thirty-one years old, was held recently without bail pending mental examination. According to police, Hebrank is obsessed with the belief that Mr. Spencer is responsible for the hot weather.

Hebrank made several visits to the Weather Bureau, inquiring about the forecast. He asked Spencer:

"What kind of weather are we going to have to-day and to-morrow?"

Spencer read the forecast predicting showers, humidity and continued heat, and Hebrank is said to have replied:

"Well, I am getting tired of this kind of weather. If you don't make better weather I'm going to knock you off."

Spencer then called the police.

MAN ATE WITH KNIFE OR STARVED
IN 1600

But 300 years ago a man either ate with a knife or starved. The authority for this statement is Joseph D. Little, manager of the sterling silver galleries of the International Silver Company of New York.

"The first fork," Little says, "was introduced into England during the reign of the high and mighty Elizabeth, the maiden Queen. The Queen had several of the implements brought to her, but promptly cast them aside as too finicky and utterly unworthy of her attention. Scores of years passed before the fork finally came into its own. Those who used forks, like those who purchased the first automobiles, were not considered violent enough for confinement in an institution, but would bear watching."

Little traces the evolution of the spoon from the clamshell picked up by the earliest human progenitors.

PLATE GLASS CRUCIBLE LASTS ONLY
TWENTY DAYS

A drawback in plate glass making is that an essential item of equipment, the crucible for melting, requires years for its preparation and lasts only a few days in service.

This means that an immense stock of these

pots must be carried on hand. Some factories keep a reserve supply of 5,000 pots, each weighing 3,000 pounds, in storage.

These pots are made of a special kind of clay. Each one is capable of melting one and one-half tons of glass at once time in a temperature of from 2,500 to 3,000 degrees F. for a day and a night.

The work of making the pot begins three years before it is used. Selected clay is ground, screened, mixed accurately with certain constituents, kneaded and then stored away to "ripen."

The pot has to be formed by hand because a slight defect would cause it to crack in the furnace, thus destroying its valuable contents. The potmaker, therefore, builds it up laboriously, layer by layer.

The pot is subjected to rigid tests before being used. In actual use its life is under twenty days.

LOOK, BOYS!

TRAPEZEE

The Acrobatic Wonder Toy

ALMOST HUMAN IN ITS
ACTIONS!

It consists of a handsome parallel iron frame on which the little yellow man accurately performs like an athlete.

Five Different Stunts —

THE FLYING TRAPEZE — Release the trigger-pin and the figure swings forward, gripping the brass trapeze-bar, turns a somersault in the air and catches a cross-bar by his heels.

THROUGH THE LOOP — A swift swing and he goes through a wire loop, makes a turn and, catching by his heels, swings head downward from a bar.

THE GIANT SWING — He goes forward with a rush, releases the trapeze, catches a horizontal-bar with his heels, makes two swift somersaults in the air and catches by his heels again.

He performs two more horizontal-bar acts with the grace and agility of a circus star, and many new ones can be invented.

The Most Wonderful Toy in
the World!

PRICE \$1.50

The collapsible stand and the little manikin are neatly packed in a handsome box. Delivered anywhere in the United States on receipt of price. Address

WOLFF NOVELTY CO.,
166 W. 23d St., New York City, N. Y.



"The Best Hunch I Ever Had!"

"It happened just three years ago. I was feeling pretty blue. Pay day had come around again and the raise I'd hoped for wasn't there. It began to look as though I was to spend my life checking orders at a small salary.

"I picked up a magazine to read. It fell open at a familiar advertisement, and a coupon stared me in the face. Month after month for years I'd been seeing that coupon, but never until that moment had I thought of it as meaning anything to me. But this time I read the advertisement twice—yes, every word!

"Two million men, it said, had made that coupon the first stepping stone toward success. In every line of business, men were getting splendid salaries because they had torn out that coupon. Mechanics had become foremen and superintendents—carpenters had become architects and contractors—clerks like me had become sales, advertising and business managers because they had used that coupon.

"Suppose that I . . . ? What if by studying at home nights I really could learn to do something besides check orders? I had a hunch to find out—and then and there I tore out that coupon, marked it, and mailed it.

"That was the turn in the road for me. The Schools at Scranton suggested just the course of training I needed and they worked with me every hour I had to spare.

"In six months I was in charge of my division. In a year my salary had been doubled. And I've been advancing ever since. Today I was appointed

manager of our Western office at \$5,000 a year. Tearing out that coupon three years ago was the best hunch I ever had."

For thirty-two years, the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy, prosperous homes, to get ahead in business and in life.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! All we ask is the chance to prove it.

Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon. Do it right now!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 4491-C Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |

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Address.....

3-6-24

City.....State.....

Occupation.....
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

LITTLE ADS

Write to Riker & King, Advertising Offices, 1133 Broadway, New York City, or 29 East Madison Street, Chicago, for particulars about advertising in this magazine.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—90c an hour to advertise and distribute samples to consumer. Write quick for territory and particulars. American Products Co., 1658 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

HELP WANTED

BE A DETECTIVE. Opportunity for men and women for secret investigation in your district. Write C. T. Ludwig, 521 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

EARN \$110 to \$250 monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet, CM-101 Stand, Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel experience unnecessary. Write George R. Wagner, former Govt. Detective, 1968 Broadway, N. Y.

DETECTIVES Make Big Money. Travel, be your own boss. Easily Learned. We instruct, small cost. Write Johnson's Detective School, 1407 Lafayette Ave., SE, Grand Rapids, Michigan, Dept. S. S.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 515 Hannibal, Mo.

PERSONAL

MARRY—WEALTHY GIRL, considered beautiful, wants congenial husband. Eva, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

HOTEL OWNER, worth \$60,000, wishes marriage. U., Box 866, League, Denver, Colo.

MARRY IF LONELY: Home Maker; hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. The Successful Club, Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

GET A SWEETHEART. Exchange letters. Write me enclosing stamp. Violet Ray, Dennison, Ohio.

HUNDREDS seeking marriage. If sincere enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

PERSONAL—Continued

IF LONESOME exchange jolly letters with beautiful ladies and wealthy gentlemen. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Fla. (Stamp).

LOOK WHOSE HERE! Princess OKIE world famous horoscopes. Get your's today. Don't delay. Send full birthdate and 10c. K. Okie, Box 280, Mds. Sq. Sta., New York, N. Y.

LONELY HEARTS, join our Club, be happy, correspondence everywhere, many descriptions, photos free; either sex, most successful method, 23 years' experience. Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRIAGE PAPER—20th year. Big issue with descriptions, photos, names and addresses. 25 cents. No other fee. Sent sealed. Box 2265 R, Boston, Mass.

MARRY—Particulars for stamp. F. Morrison, S-3053 W. Holden Street, Seattle, Wash.

MARRY—Free photographs, directory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 36, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY with photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 545, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—Write for big new directory with photos and descriptions free. National Agency, Dept. A, Kansas City, Mo.

SWEETHEARTS' Correspondence Club. Stamped envelope for sealed proposal. Lillian Sproul, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

SONGWRITERS

POEMS WANTED—Sell your song-verses for cash. Submit Mss. at once or write New Era Music Co., 140, St. Louis, Mo.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO or Snuff Habit cured or no pay. \$1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., P.O., Baltimore, Md.

Ma Ma Doll FREE
she
Walks-Talks
Sleeps-Swings



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Usually it has been possible to explain the presence of fish, etc., in underground waters in the fact that they were locked up during some primeval cataclysm. Adapting themselves gradually to new conditions these animals living in darkness are always blind entirely or possess special optical apparatus suitable to darkness. Those found underneath the Sahara belong to a species inhabiting the lakes of Palestine.

Shafts sunk during the last few years in the Sahara prove there are large sheets of water everywhere. Animals found now cause the belief there is a vast underground sea, densely inhabited.

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There are such States, but only one set of "four corners" States in the United States, where four states join at the corners. This point is upon a spur of the Carriso Mountains, where Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona join. It is said that at no other point on the globe do we find four States, provinces or territories uniting to form a junction. This spot is not easy of access and few tourists ever see it, yet a monument stands at the very point erected by United States surveyors and inscribed with the names of the States whose boundaries meet there. The point is reached by a trail from the road leading from Navajo Springs in Colorado, in the Ute Reservation, to the San Juan River. The trail leaves the road and crosses the river near Scott's trading post in Utah, and leads to the monument, which is of the usual type erected by the Government surveyors to mark State corners. A former monument was destroyed by Navajo Indians and only the cairn of rocks was left, but within a year or two another surveying party visited the spot and rebuilt the monument.

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